

FIFTY CENTS

APRIL 27, 1970

TIME

THE RETURN



Astronauts Praying
After Splashdown



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T-9

LETTERS

On Being Black and American

Sir: As I finish my four years of study at the University of Michigan—knowing well what it is to be black in a white world—your special issue [April 6] comes as no less than a revelation. As I read your articles, the only comment that came to my mind was: "This is beautiful, man, just beautiful."

We Americans should take a lesson from the ancient Romans, for when they discovered that most of their problems were internal, it was too late to save their mighty empire.

HERMAN E. WEST

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir: Black is beautiful. In our nation's capital we have only to look from side to side for proof. And this is a natural beauty to be envied by all and not imitated by any.

What is there to say but Wow, man, and right on!

CLODIA B. NEVINS

Washington, D.C.

Sir: I am looking forward to the day when there will be no need to have an issue such as this. When that day does come, everything will be beautiful.

MICHAEL DYNON, '72

Boston University
Boston

Sir: If blacks ever wake to find the present American nightmare gone, it will probably be due to your efforts to make the American dream applicable to all citizens.

MATTHIAS NEWELL, S.M.

St. Mary's University
San Antonio

Sir: Being Irish, white and poor doesn't make it either.

W. C. SHANNON

Tiburon, Calif.

Sir: What a relief that the black people have shed the myth that they are an ignorant, lazy, do-nothing band of subhumans, as the white race has branded them, and have emerged to show the white world what they really are: a proud race of talented people, determined to receive what they deserve: not civil rights, but human rights.

KATHRYN COOKSON

Sacramento, Calif.

Sir: I trust that, in the spirit of true equality, you will publish future issues devoted in their entirety to Red America, Yellow America, Jewish America, Female America, Poor America, Homosexual America, Under-20 America, Unmarried America and other minority groups who, like the blacks, have been made to feel less than beautiful in this country.

JOHN RICHARD WILLIAMS

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sir: This issue made me cry, laugh and think. I feel much better after having read it; there is hope again for all of us.

(Mrs.) MARY ALICE SORRELL
Whippany, N.J.

Sir: No person deserves anything, whether it be favor or disfavor, simply because of racial or ethnic background. A person is deserving of special consideration only because of his individual and particular

needs and accomplishments. To point out, as you have, that there are black people is to admit and emphasize that black people are in some way different. If they are to be recognized as different, then they are open targets for discrimination—and, most likely, in a negative way.

Let's integrate, not separate.

GARY A. TUCK

Monterey, Calif.

Sir: This issue makes more valid my intention to emigrate to Australia. It is my opinion that the aborigines in Australia will not reach the point now occupied by American Negroes for at least 50 more years, and by that time I most assuredly will not be around to see it.

H. M. ECKLES

Laurel, Md.

Sir: Bravo! After shooting arrows into the air for the last few years, TIME has hit a bull's-eye in giving Jesse Jackson national attention of a positive nature. All hail the militantly constructive American who can make the strides that Jesse Jackson has made, albeit peacefully, and with the help of fellow ministers. No bowing and scraping to the do-gooder politicians for a man like Jesse, nor faulty accusations either.

(MRS.) MARGUERITE PARCHMAN
West Dundee, Ill.

Sir: I have never been able to figure out why children raised in homes with everything would become promiscuous, resort to drugs or commit violent acts. Whitney Young might possibly be right. Maybe, behind those "blond, sterile, antiseptic gilded ghettos" there really is a sickness, and someone should make a study of this to find out. He might discover that we need black America more than it needs us.

MARTHA LYON

Kansas City, Mo.

Sir: The infuriated blacks have me swaying in doubt, and their insulting, hate-filled names for me make me feel that my fear of them and my aversion to their ways can never change. My ancestors came starving on a boat four generations ago. They made it, and many of them died for the new country that was hostile to them. But none of them, from all over Europe, set themselves up as martyrs, full of self-hate. Believe me, the seeds of unrest are not exclusively the black man's.

File this under Poetry—as undisciplined as any black poet's and as full of fire.

MARY H. STOLL

Winter Park, Fla.

Sir: Under the heading "Can the Suburbs Be Opened?", you state that federal and local fair-housing laws are "notoriously unenforced." As your example, you note that the U.S. Justice Department has 13 lawyers assigned to fair-housing enforcement and that we have "brought 44 cases to court and won 13." The last phrase might easily be construed by the reader as suggesting that we have lost 31, or 70%, of our cases.

The facts are otherwise. Of the 46 separate housing-discrimination suits (many of them against multiple defendants) that we have brought or in which we have participated to date, very few have come to trial. We have lost only two cases, and both of these are now on appeal. Fifteen cases have been brought to a successful conclusion by the entry of an injunction or similar court order against the defendant, either by consent of the parties or after trial. The court orders we have secured usu-

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ally require the defendants not only to stop discrimination but also to take significant affirmative steps to correct the effects of the past, including solicitation of Negroes, advertising in the black press, inclusion of biracial groups in advertising, requiring employees to sign nondiscriminatory pledges, and filing comprehensive reports with the court and with this Department as to the corrective steps taken.

**FRANK E. SCHWELB, CHIEF
ALEXANDER C. ROSS, DEPUTY CHIEF
HOUSING SECTION
CIVIL RIGHTS DIVISION**
Department of Justice
Washington, D.C.

Sir: Psychiatrist Alvin F. Poussaint says: "The color black has been synonymous with 'sin' and 'bad.'" Not necessarily.

with sin and bad. Not necessarily.
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black gold—oil
*Black Is the Color of My True Love's
Hair*—a classic ballad

Hair—a classic ballad
basic black dress—a woman's favorite
dress

dress
black tie—a man's prestige suit
black cow—a delicious soda
black bread—rich bread
to be in the black—an accountant's phrase meaning to be in the money as against to be in the red, meaning to be in debt

ROBERT MINTZ

Richmond, Va.

Sir: In "Ecology of a Ghetto," you state "[Leo Watkins] recognized that his inability to read or write was his main problem." With nine children ranging in age from twelve years to seven months, he would venture a guess that arithmetic poses a greater problem.

I am not complaisant about or pa-

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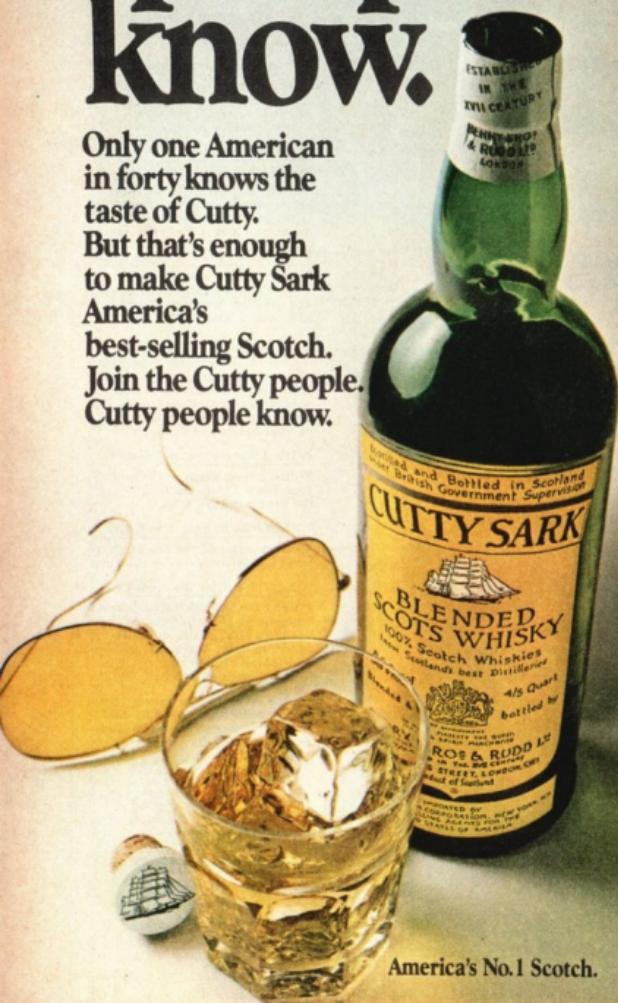
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tronizing about the black problem in America. It affects the white American today and will do so to a greater extent in the future. But my God, even a \$40,000 gross annual income does not make the idea of bringing up nine children less prohibitive! It's a big, big forest, and we keep bumping into the trees.

(MRS.) ROSALIE JOHNSON
Rochester, N.Y.

Sir: As one thumbs through so many pages, seeing so many black faces and so few white ones, it might dawn on one that for decades blacks have had to thumb through magazine after magazine, seeing mostly whites and few, if any, blacks.

At least you reversed the trend for one issue. Let's hope newsmen, too, read TIME and saw some of the news the media have been neglecting for years.

HERBERT STRENTZ

Grand Forks, N.Dak.

Sir: A portion of your article "Racially Rationed Health" reminds me of the Soviet reporting of a U.S.-Russian dual track meet where the Russians, through a superb effort, finished second, while the unfortunately U.S. team finished next to last.

The portion is that which relates the percentages of nonwhite children v. white children receiving "DTP" vaccine. The actual disparity is 20% v. 8.6%, which is more meaningful and less discriminatory than the apparent gap implied to the casual reader (20% nonwhites not receiving shots — 91.4% whites receiving vaccine).

LOUIS ROMITO

Pittsburgh

Sir: After reading the article by Ralph Ellison, I feel like running out into the street, embracing the first black man I see and asking, "Brother, where have you been all my life?" I say this in all seriousness and humility.

JAMES MOONEY

Quebec

Sir: Every morning I enter a world unlike the world you wrote about. I work as an evaluator for vocational rehabilitation in a state school for the mentally retarded. These "eternal children" know no color line, have no prejudices, wake each morning with no feeling of distaste for the boys and girls they will play with all day—though they are a different color.

It's a beautiful world, and it makes me wonder if the Lord feels remorse for having given us "more fortunate beings" healthy minds.

SHIRLEY R. MEUNIER

New Orleans

Address Letters to TIME, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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APOLLO DRIFTS TO SPLASHDOWN AS NEW YORKERS CHEER



THE Apollo's Return:

"My lord Odysseus," he replied,
"spare me your praise of Death. Put
me on earth again . . ."

—Homer

UNDER its cheerful orange-and-white parachutes, *Odyssey* came down gently in placid, warm, South Pacific waters. The ripples from that splash spread around the globe. For four days a fractured world inured to mass suffering and casual death had found common cause in the struggle to save three lives. The magic and mystery of space exploration, the realization that James Lovell, Fred Haise and John Swigert were not simply three Americans on a scientific mission but also humanity's envoys to the future, had served to bind men and nations in a rare moment of unity.

Perhaps the largest audience in history watched the return, participating through TV's intimacy in every moment of the final, fiery descent. Journey's end was safe and all according to script, in sharp contrast to the crisis of mid-voyage, which had been full of unprecedented danger and breathtaking improvisation. The devastated service module, original source of the deadly hazard, peeled off properly. *Aquarius*, the lunar module that had served as savior instead of explorer, unzipped easily. The command unit *Odyssey* touched down within four miles of the U.S.S. *Iwo Jima*. Helicopter recovery ticked along as if automated. Soon Lovell, Haise and Swigert were on the carrier's flight deck, hearing Rear Admiral Donald Davis say, "We're glad you made it, boys." The ship's chaplain said a prayer of thanksgiving, and the three astronauts joined him. In Houston, Marilyn Lovell touched the universal mood when she said: "It was beautiful."

James Lovell added his own benediction when the astronauts first set foot on land en route home. Welcomed by gaily-dressed Samoans on Pago-Pago, Lovell said: "We do not realize what we have on earth until we leave it."

Exploding Tank. Yet the previous voyages had seemed so effortless, the voyagers so confident, the supporting apparatus of men and equipment so efficient, the goals so bold and growing ever bolder, that a degree of hubris had developed. It was not so much frail human flesh against the vast challenge of space as it was technicians remembering the sequence of switches to throw. The world could be forgiven a touch of ennui.

Apollo 13's failure ended that. The exploding oxygen tank that could easily have cost the lives of Lovell, Haise and Swigert was a cruel but perhaps necessary reminder of the fallibility of man.

Triumph Over Failure

and his machines. The cause of the malfunction will have to be established by a painstaking inquiry. Meanwhile space exploration was humanized again, as it had been during the pioneer flights and on the night when Neil Armstrong made man's first footprint in moon dust. No longer was it an issue of U.S. technocracy, or how many billions the space program costs, or what the funds buy. Rather it was the guts, wits and will of a handful of men matched against the enormity of space.

Sophisticates. The contest was irresistible to the world. The total and instant access to bad as well as good news of U.S. space shots underscored the openness of American society. Hundreds of millions followed the suspense story on television, radio and in the press. Even sophisticates who have become ostentatiously blasé about space—if not downright hostile—succumbed. "I watched the idiot box," wrote Columnist Max Lerner, "as if, by sheer will, I could mesmerize the TV reporter into telling us that all was well in the best of all possible spaceships, on the best of all possible moon probes. I couldn't and he didn't."

In office-building elevators, in restaurants, on the streets, the question was everywhere: "How are they doing?" A Chicago cab driver taking a fare to O'Hare Airport near the end of Apollo's ordeal suddenly turned off the expressway and drove to the nearest tavern so that he could watch the return on TV. The passenger protested, but decided to watch also.

Any place with a television set became a magnet, even after the safe landing seemed likely. In Atlanta, a drive-in near Georgia Tech set up five television viewing rooms. "You can't get in any of them," said the manager.

Covered Wagons. People already disenchanted with the space program grumbled that no one was paying comparable attention to the many men who were in equal or greater peril of their lives in Viet Nam. Yet no amount of skepticism could dilute the week's emotional response. For many, prayer was the natural recourse. Houses of worship all over the world conducted special services. "We share the universal trepidation," said Pope Paul, "for the fate of these heroes." In Jerusalem, Orthodox Jews at the Wailing Wall made special devotions that included a passage from *Psalm 19*: "Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." In India, more than 100,000 pilgrims attending a Jain religious festival offered special prayers.

Richard Nixon shared the week's mood. While the astronauts were still

in danger, he immersed himself in their plight, received frequent briefings, and visited the Goddard Space Flight Center in Maryland to get fresh information firsthand. The President discussed with Michael Collins, the former astronaut who is now Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, the inherent risks of challenging frontiers. Said Collins later: "He talked about the covered wagons going across to California. Those were brave people then and there were a lot of graves along the way. But they went ahead."

Hamburg Calling. A major presidential television address on Viet Nam troop reductions was put off until this week. After splashdown, Nixon lighted up a victory cigar, then declared a national day of thanksgiving and prayer.

with expressions of sympathy and concern. The U.S. embassy in London said there had been no such outpouring since John Kennedy's assassination. A Hamburg man telephoned Houston to suggest that the astronauts be allowed a space walk, "to check out what really happened."

What Next? What really did happen—and what the effects of Apollo 13's failure will be on the space program's future—became Topic A after the splashdown. On the technical side, the answer will depend on whether the flaw that caused the explosion is easily correctable or not. The villain might turn out to be, as NASA Administrator Thomas Paine observed, a 25¢ plug. Or it might be a design fault that will be difficult to discover and both time-consuming and expensive to correct. The 1967 fire on the ground that killed three astronauts during a dry run led to extensive redesign of the command and service modules and delayed moon exploration for at least 18 months. Apollo 14 had



NIXON GREETED WIVES OF LOVELL & HAISE IN HOUSTON
Not merely an American travail.

At week's end he jetted off to Houston to hand out medals to NASA ground personnel, then took Mrs. Haise, Mrs. Lovell and the parents of John Swigert for a rendezvous with the Apollo crew in Hawaii. Of the safe return, Nixon said: "There is no question in my mind that for me, personally, this is the most exciting, the most meaningful day I have ever experienced."

Just as the first moon landing was a triumph for the world as well as for the U.S., so Apollo 13's mortal danger was not merely an American travail. Thirteen nations, including the Soviet Union, offered ships or planes to help in the rescue operation; none were needed. In Vienna, Chancellor-designate Bruno Kreisky interrupted a major political conference. Said he: "We all should follow the fate of the astronauts." Ordinary citizens were just as interested. In many countries they approached Americans

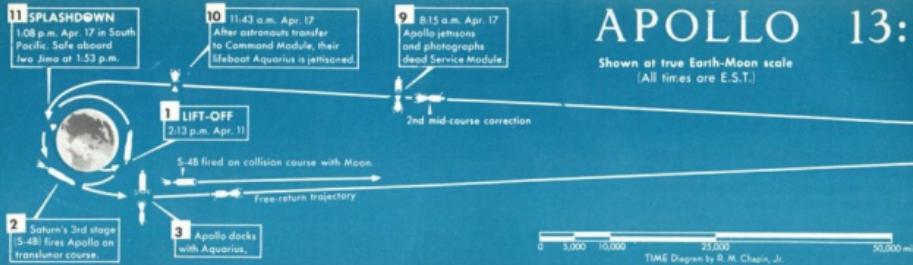
been scheduled for October, but now the date is uncertain.

The space program, however, has other and deeper problems that may have been worsened by Apollo 13's aborted mission. The Government's economy drive has already caused financial reductions for NASA. Paine last week acknowledged that "an agency such as ours is completely dependent on public opinion and congressional support. The question then is whether, when the going gets tough, the support will continue." The same doubt was on Lovell's mind while he was still aloft. Said he: "I'm afraid that this is going to be the last moon mission for a long time."

Sure enough, Apollo 13, which yielded little for the \$380 million spent on it, encouraged new skepticism about space exploration and manned flights. Scientists Linus Pauling and Ralph

APOLLO 13:

Shown at true Earth-Moon scale
(All times are E.S.T.)



Lapp, already critical of the costs and motivation of the entire program, renewed the argument that space probes would be better run entirely with instruments. Stewart Udall, former Secretary of the Interior, dismissed manned flights as "stunts." NASA's position always has been that a human intelligence is necessary to get maximum results from space exploration. If the space agency should be forced to reverse that stand—a highly unlikely prospect—then much of the equipment and many of the procedures developed over the past twelve years would have to be scrapped. Congressman Olin Teague, the Texas Democrat who heads the House Manned Space Flight Subcommittee, warned: "The enemies of the program will seize upon this to delay it, just as they did the last time there was an accident."

Perhaps. Much depends on the vigor and candor with which the Government handles the investigation of what went wrong. Despite the disappointment over Apollo 13, the episode had its positive side. Snatching the astronauts from death was a major triumph, one that demonstrates the program's strength and resilience, and the resourcefulness of the men—in deep space and on the ground—who overcame the disaster that struck Apollo 13.

MAN'S fifth mission to the moon was going well, and from more than 200,000 miles out in space Commander Jim Lovell had just wound up a televised tour of the spacecraft. "This is the crew of Apollo 13 wishing everyone there a nice evening," he said. "We're just about ready to close out our inspection of *Aquarius* and get back for a pleasant evening in *Odyssey*." Minutes later, the almost idyllic journey of Astronauts Lovell, Fred Haise and John Swigert turned into a heart-pounding nightmare.

Interrupting a conversation between Swigert and a ground controller at the Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston, Lovell suddenly said in a laconic voice: "I believe we've had a problem here." It was the understatement of the space age. Apollo 13 had been rocked by "a pretty large bang" from *Odyssey's* service module, which houses the spacecraft's main engine as well as most of its life-giving power and environmental systems. Almost immediately, the command module's instruments recorded a surge of electrical current followed by an alarming drop. On *Odyssey's* instrument panels, red and yellow warn-

ing lights flashed on. In Houston, controllers snapped to attention as telemetered data from Apollo 13 began to confirm the magnitude of the problem.

In less than a minute, one of the service module's two spherical oxygen tanks was completely empty; nearly 320 lbs. of supercold (-297° F.) oxygen, a highly pressurized mix of gas and liquid, had gushed out of the spacecraft, apparently through a rupture in its thin alloy skin. Looking out of his window, Lovell could see vapor streaming by. "We are venting something into space," he reported. "It's a gas of some sort." At the same time, the spacecraft began to pitch and roll in reaction to the violent expulsion of the gas.

Precious Cargo

There was more trouble to come. "One of the main electrical circuits is lifeless," Swigert radioed. "It's off. It's dead." The mysterious blast had also affected two of the service module's three fuel cells, which produce the bulk of the command module's vital electrical power. It quickly became obvious that a moon landing was now out of the question; mission rules forbid a lunar land-

NASA—UPI



DONALD ("DEKE") SLAYTON

UPI



ALAN SHEPARD
An air of tension and foreboding.

NASA—UPI



EDGAR MITCHELL

ILL-FATED SPACE ODYSSEY



Earth and Moon

ing if even one fuel cell becomes inoperative. The loss of two requires the earliest possible return to earth. Even worse, the second oxygen tank was now also rapidly spilling its precious cargo. Unless the venting could be stopped, there would soon be insufficient oxygen aboard *Odyssey*. Oxygen was essential not only for breathing; it would also be needed to react with hydrogen to produce power in the remaining—and apparently undamaged—fuel cell.

Believing that the oxygen might be escaping through ruptures in the fuel cells, controllers ordered the oxygen supply valves to the two dying fuel cells closed. But the oxygen loss continued. Finally, in a desperate effort to conserve enough oxygen to sustain the astronauts on their way home, Flight Director Glynn Lunney directed the spacemen to close the valves to the third and apparently undamaged fuel cell. It was a crucial decision; once shut down, fuel cells cannot be reactivated except under precise temperature and pressure limits obtainable only before launch. Without the cells, *Odyssey* had no electrical power sources except for the command-module batteries, which had to be saved for the short but crucial period at the end of the mission between re-entry into the atmosphere and splashdown.

The gamble did not pay off. "It looks like Oxygen Tank 1 is just a hair over 200 lbs. [less than one-fourth normal pressure]," Swigert reported. "We confirm that here," replied Houston. It was now apparent that the accident in Bay 4 of the service module (see diagram) had also started a leak from the second oxygen tank. Still showing no alarm, Swigert asked: "Does it look like it's still going down?" The reply from Houston was equally calm, but carried grave implications. "It's slowly going to zero," said Mission Control, "and we are starting to think about the lunar-module lifeboat." "Yes," said Swigert, "that's what we're thinking about too."

In 91 minutes, ground controllers calculated, *Odyssey* would be completely dead and uninhabitable. Without the least indication of panic, the astronauts

prepared to take shelter in *Aquarius*. The small, spindly craft had been designed primarily to land two men on the moon, sustain them there for two days or so, and then carry them back to an orbital rendezvous with the command module. Now, if all went well, it would serve as Apollo 13's lifeboat, taking over all the vital functions of the crippled mother ship until the astronauts again approached the earth.

Massive Failure

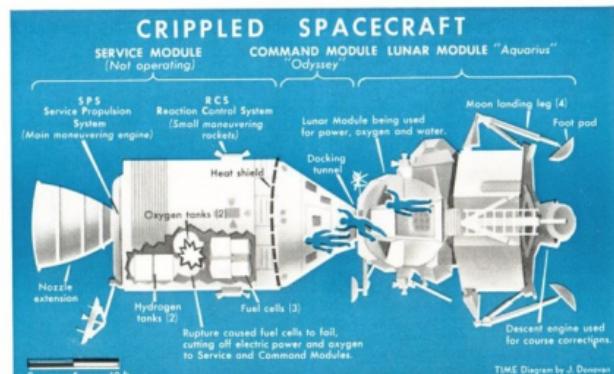
At the Manned Spacecraft Center, where many of the astronauts—including Donald ("Deke") Slayton, Edgar Mitchell, and Alan Shepard—had hurriedly gathered, there was an air of tension and foreboding. The crippled Apollo 13 was about 207,000 miles from home and still speeding toward the moon. Under the best of circumstances, it would take days—not minutes or hours—for the astronauts to return to the safety of earth. Said Chris Kraft, the Manned Spacecraft Center's deputy director, in a candid briefing to newsmen: "This is as serious a situation as we've ever had in manned spaceflight."

As yet, no one really knew what had caused the spacecraft's massive failure. Some speculated that Apollo 13 might have suffered the fate of many science-fiction space voyagers: a collision with

a meteor. But scientists at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory calculated that the odds were a billion to one that Apollo had been hit by a meteor large enough to have caused such extensive damage. NASA officials were inclined toward a more mundane explanation. They suggested that there had been an explosion in the service module, caused either by a faulty valve or by a short circuit.

Aboard Apollo, the astronauts remained remarkably cool. Once Mission Control gave the order to begin the "lifeboat mode"—a procedure that had been rehearsed numerous times in ground simulators—Lovell and Haise drifted, like mariners abandoning ship, through the darkened tunnel connecting the command ship with the lunar lander.

While Lovell and Haise powered up the lunar lander, Swigert battened down *Odyssey*. Using the service module's last few gasps of oxygen and electrical power, he charged up *Odyssey*'s small reentry batteries, closed off its four backup oxygen tanks, and transferred the precise alignment of the command module's "platform"—its complex of navigational gyroscopes and accelerometers—to a similar platform in the lunar lander. These last-minute maneuvers were vital to a successful return to earth. Apollo 13 could now be navi-



gated from the lunar module, and the command module was assured of enough spare power for six hours of working life—more than enough time for the astronauts to re-enter the atmosphere and splash down in the ocean.

For the moment, the men seemed relatively safe. Swigert remained behind in the blacked-out command module, breathing oxygen from the lunar module through a ten-foot-long oxygen hose cannibalized from Haise's space suit. Lovell and Haise meanwhile stood guard over the lunar module's vital systems. Although Apollo 13 was still very much in trouble, there was one consolation: if the accident had to happen, it had occurred when the astronauts and Mission Control could do something about it. Had the service module become disabled later in the mission—during the lunar landing or afterward, when *Aquarius* had been discarded—the astronauts would have been doomed. The lunar module, lacking a heat shield to withstand the awesome temperatures of re-entry, could not carry the crew back to the earth's surface. But its oxygen, electrical power and descent engine were vital to the safe return of *Odyssey*.

Aquarius responded well, but mission planners were still faced with a number of agonizing decisions. How could they best bring the distressed spacecraft home as quickly as possible but with a minimum of risk? A "deep-space abort"—turning the spacecraft around before it reached the moon and sending it back to earth—was obviously beyond the power of the lunar module's small descent engine. *Odyssey*'s big propulsion engine, in the service module, was powerful enough to turn Apollo in mid-flight, but Houston was reluctant to try using it. Controllers were concerned that the engine might have been damaged by the accident. If it didn't work, Apollo's limited electrical power would be wasted in the firing attempt.

Unnecessary Risk

If the astronauts could use a small burn of the *Aquarius* descent engine to jog Apollo 13 back into a "free-return" trajectory, the combination of the spacecraft's velocity and lunar gravity would do the rest, slinging the ship around the moon and hurling it back on a direct course to the earth. Ironically, Apollo had been on a free-return trajectory, but its course was changed in preparation for the lunar landing.

Thus, five hours and 25 minutes after the service-module explosion, the lunar module's descent engine was fired. Had it not burned, Apollo 13 would have swung around the moon but missed the earth on the return trip by 2,951 miles and gone into a wide-ranging earth orbit, stranding the astronauts. But the lunar module engine performed reliably. With only a 30.7-second burn, it put Apollo 13 on a course that would carry it toward a splashdown in the Indian Ocean. Houston—and the world—breathed easier, but Mission Control

knew that the burn was only a stopgap measure. The calculated splashdown area was not only far away from any U.S. recovery ships, but it would also take 74 hours to reach—perhaps longer than the LM's dwindling supply of water, oxygen and electricity would last.

There were additional alternatives, but the choice was not simple. If the astronauts could successfully fire the service module's powerful engine behind the moon, they would splash down in the Atlantic off the coast of Brazil in only 38 hours. Again Mission Control decided not to risk firing a possibly damaged engine. If, on the other hand, the 26-ton service module were jettisoned after rounding the moon, a long burn of the small *Aquarius* descent engine would impart about the same velocity to the lightened spacecraft, setting it down in the South Atlantic in less than 40 hours. But that strategy too carried unnecessary risks. It would so deplete the LM's fuel supply that later course corrections might not be possible. Also, loss of the service module would expose the command module's heat shield to possibly damaging ultraviolet radiation and temperature extremes, leaving the astronauts with insufficient protection for re-entry.

Hurry-Home Burn

Next morning, having weighed the possibilities, the flight planners had a compromise answer. The *Aquarius* descent engine would fire just long enough to reduce the remaining flight time to 63 hours and drop the astronauts in the South Pacific about 600 miles southeast of Samoa. It was what engineers typically call a "trade-off"—not the fastest possible journey home, but one that would save fuel for later course corrections, not strain the remaining *Aquarius* oxygen, electricity and fuel supplies aboard, and set *Odyssey* down within easy range of the prime recovery ship *Iwo Jima*, already in the area.

Inside the darkened spacecraft, the astronauts struggled to make the best of their dangerous predicament. While two slept fitfully in the unpowered and chilly command module, the third remained on watch "downstairs" in the lunar module. Ground controllers had at least one bit of cheering news. To the delight of scientists, the Saturn third-stage S-4B rocket (which itself had been aimed toward the moon after giving Apollo its final boost) had hit the lunar surface exactly as planned. Its impact created a reverberation that registered for four hours on the Apollo 12 Ocean of Storms seismometer. "Well, at least something worked on this flight," sighed Lovell.

Apollo 13 itself reached the moon Tuesday night, but it never came closer than 158 miles. As it emerged from behind the far side, the astronauts prepared for the crucial "hurry-home" burn. But there was a hitch. So much debris was still floating outside the spacecraft's windows that a star sighting—to align

The Brave Men

THE three men who weathered Apollo 13's crisis-ridden journey formed one of the more oddly matched crews of the space age. Apollo's skipper had a military background and was a veteran of three space flights, including a trip to the moon. His two crewmen were civilians and space novices, one a serious-minded parent, the other a swinging bachelor who joined the crew at the last moment to replace an astronaut threatened by German measles. Yet when disaster seemed imminent, the crew became a well-coordinated team, acting in concert to save their spacecraft—and their lives.

JAMES A. LOVELL JR., 42, captain, U.S.N., Apollo's commander, had his eye on the stars ever since, as a teen-ager in Mil-



APOLLO CREW RECEIVES

waukee, he frightened his neighbors by firing a homemade rocket 80 feet into the air. Entering Annapolis in 1948, he was allowed only one elective course, a language. He chose German and then used his newly acquired linguistic skill to read the writings of a little-known scientist, Werner von Braun. Convinced of the coming importance of rocketry, he accurately predicted many current space-flight advances—much to the amusement of his Naval Academy roommate, who teased him, "Lovell, some day you're going to the moon." A skilled test pilot who helped develop the weapon system for the F-4H Phantom II jet fighter, Lovell suffered the greatest disappointment of his career when NASA failed to name him as one of its original Mercury astronauts in 1959. But he was chosen in the second batch in 1962, and he has since logged more hours in space (670, including the 143-hr. flight of Apollo 13) than any other

of Apollo

mortal. Lovell was one of the Apollo 8 astronauts who orbited the moon at Christmas in 1968, and he backed up Neil Armstrong for Apollo 11's historic moon landing. "I watched his every step," he recalled after the flight.

Marilyn Lovell, enthusiastic about her husband's first flight to the moon, first resisted but then accepted with nervous stoicism the idea of another lunar trip. Against Jim Lovell's advice, she recently went to see the film *Marooned*, which deals with a trio of astronauts stranded in space, and came home shaken. She had good reason to be: in the film, the flight commander dies. Nonetheless, she managed to maintain firm control over her emotions throughout Apollo 13's flight. "I'm used to it now," she said of the danger of space flight. "If I had

Perkins Junior College, a two-year school, and looked forward to a writing career. Instead, faced with induction, he enlisted as a naval aviation cadet. "Like most kids at that age, you kind of jump into things before you really think about it," he said. Whatever his original thoughts, he quickly became hooked on flying. After 2½ years as a Marine pilot, he went back to school, flying with the Air National Guard while he earned a degree in aeronautical engineering from the University of Oklahoma. After graduation, he went to work for NASA. But even before he ventured into space, he had compiled an impressive record for conventional flight in the atmosphere—about 6,000 hours.

Trim and compact (5 ft. 9½ in.), the easygoing Haise is married to his high school girl friend, Mary Grant. The match seems ideal. Haise is a devoted family man. Mary is totally immersed in astronaut life and needs little help in translating the exotic technical language her husband and his fellow space travelers speak. The Haises have three children, and Mary's icy calm throughout her ordeal was all the more remarkable for the fact that she is expecting her fourth (which the family hopes will be a girl) in June.

JOHN L. SWIGERT JR., 38, command-module pilot, has very little in common with the man he replaced beyond the fact that both are bachelors. Ken Mattingly is serious and studious. Swigert is a not-so-secret swinger with the reputation of having a girl in every (air) port. Swigert's favorite ploy, his friends say, is to invite girls to his apartment to see what he claims are his moon rocks. For all his bachelor antics, however, Swigert is a highly skilled former Air Force flyer and civilian test pilot with degrees in mechanical engineering, aerospace science and business administration. The son of a Denver ophthalmologist, he is a former University of Colorado guard, and one of the biggest of the astronauts (5 ft. 11½ in., 197 lbs.).

Swigert is no stranger to in-flight emergencies. Once, while flying with the Air Force in Korea, he landed his plane in a driving squall, crashed into a road grader someone had left on the runway and walked away unscathed from the blaze that demolished his aircraft. Another time, as he was landing at Buckley Air Field near Denver, his brakes failed and his plane slammed into the base's arresting cables, but he escaped unhurt. Although he was a last-minute replacement on Apollo 13's star-crossed trip, Swigert showed great skill in improvising new emergency procedures after the explosion crippled the *Odyssey*. But then he should have. He helped develop the original emergency procedures for the command module's instruction manual.

Apollo properly for the burn—was impossible ("It looks like we're in the middle of the Milky Way," the astronauts had remarked earlier). But the spacemen neatly improvised by taking rougher fixes on the moon and the sun. Then they fired *Aquarius'* descent engine, increasing Apollo 13's speed by 600 m.p.h. The 4-minute, 24-second burn was so accurate that only two more small course corrections were subsequently needed.

For the first time in long hours, the tired men in Mission Control breathed easier. But the astronauts did not. Houston soon noticed that carbon dioxide exhaled by the astronauts was building up to a dangerous level in the lunar module's atmosphere; lithium hydroxide air purifiers in *Aquarius*, designed to absorb the potentially lethal gas for only relatively short periods of time, were becoming saturated. The deactivated command module was equipped with more purifiers, but their canisters were not interchangeable with the LM's. Mission Control instructed the astronauts to lead a second hose into the command module and connect it to the canisters. Leaving nothing to chance, the astronauts stuffed a sock in the connection to make sure it was snug.

High-Speed Train

With its normal heat-producing systems shut off to conserve electricity, the *Odyssey*'s temperature dropped to nearly 40°. Had it continued to fall, the command module's chemical propellants might have thickened to the point where control thrusters would no longer have been able to perform the critical re-entry maneuvers.

Fortunately, only the astronauts felt frozen. On their last night in space, they donned two pairs of thermal underwear apiece to ward off the chill; Lovell even put on his bulky moonwalking shoes to keep his toes warm. Because they had slept only fitfully, Deke Slayton, NASA's director of flight-crew operations, suggested that each crew member take two Dexedrine pills to keep him alert for busy and fatigued moments ahead. Said Lovell: "It's going to be an interesting day."

Picking up speed under the increasing pull of the earth's gravity, Apollo was now rapidly approaching its narrow re-entry slot. To make sure of a precise re-entry, Lovell and Haise fired one more brief burst from *Aquarius'* thrusters. Swigert meanwhile took up his post in the command module pilot's seat. Looking out of the window, he commented: "That earth is whistling in like a high-speed train."

A few minutes later, Apollo 13 began its novel separation procedures. Again hitting the thrusters, Lovell forced *Aquarius* against the command and service modules. Almost simultaneously, Swigert fired several explosive bolts, detaching the service module from *Odyssey*. Lovell also fired the LM's thrusters again. The "push-pull" tactic shoved the service module away from *Aquarius*.



MEDALS FROM NIXON

fears, I couldn't live a normal life. Everyone must have a goal, and this is his." Even before Apollo 13's problems, Lovell had promised his wife and four children that this would be his last flight. "If it weren't," he said, in a reference to other astronauts awaiting space assignment, "I think I would find about 50 knife wounds in my back." But last week he failed to achieve his goal of walking on the moon and may well request to fly still another mission. Beyond that, Lovell says that he plans to stay on with NASA. Some friends, however, believe that his good looks and winning ways might eventually launch him into a new orbit—that of a politician in his home state, Wisconsin.

FRED W. HAISE JR., 36, lunar-module pilot, might have been a member of the press corps covering the flight of Apollo 13 if not for the draft. A native of Biloxi, Miss., he studied journalism at

and *Odyssey*, enabling the astronauts to see the disabled module for the first time. It was an incredible sight. The module had lost an entire 15-foot-long panel covering Bay 4, and a tangle of wiring and debris trailed out of the gaping hole. Using still and movie cameras, the astronauts managed to photograph the damage; because the service module would burn up on re-entry, the pictures would be important to scientists investigating the cause of the blast. "It's really a mess," Lovell told Mission Control. "Well, James," Houston answered, "if you can't take any better care of the spacecraft than that, we might not give you another."

Agonizing Adventure

About 30,000 miles from earth, the astronauts began preparing for their final separation maneuver. Climbing into *Odyssey*, they switched on its oxygen tanks and batteries and sealed the hatch shut. Then the crew exploded the small bolts connecting the command module with the LM. Propelled by the release of

air in the connecting tunnel, the *Aquarius* drifted rapidly away, its lifeboat function reliably and amply fulfilled. "LM jettison," reported Apollo 13. "O.K.," replied Mission Control. "Farewell, *Aquarius*, and we thank you."

At 12:54 p.m., monitoring stations lost contact with *Odyssey* as it was enveloped by ionized gases formed by the heat of re-entry. For three minutes and 38 seconds, the world anxiously waited to learn whether the astronauts had survived the final portion of their perilous voyage. Finally, the answer came. Responding to a call from one of the rescue planes, Apollo 13 replied: "O.K., Joe." A few seconds later, the descending spaceship hove into view of the TV cameras on the *Iwo Jima*'s decks about four miles away. Under billowing white-and-orange main chutes, the spacecraft drifted slowly downward, headed for a splashdown just off target. At exactly 1:08 p.m., six days after its ill-starred journey began, *Odyssey*'s wanderings had come to an end.

Forty-five minutes later, a helicopter

fetched the three astronauts to the *Iwo Jima*. Smiling and remarkably steady on their feet, the astronauts were greeted by cheers from sailors and a fitting musical tribute from the *Iwo Jima*'s band: *Aquarius*. Nine doctors on hand to meet the space travelers found them in surprisingly good health—except for Fred Haise's mild urinary-tract infection—after their exhausting and agonizing adventure.

In Houston, cheering and applauding flight controllers joyously lit up their customary cigars as a heartfelt message flashed on a big screen: WELCOME BACK. A few minutes later, NASA's Tom Paine arrived with greetings from President Nixon ("Wonderful team. A job well done"), who also smoked a splashdown cigar in Washington. An especially apt comment came from J. Leonard Swigert, the astronaut's father. Sipping champagne with reporters in his Denver home, the 67-year-old doctor said: "It was a wonderful beginning and a beautiful landing. But I wouldn't give you two hoots for the interim."

The Masters of Mission Control

THE courage of Apollo 13's three astronauts was apparent to all the world. A less conspicuous kind of courage was displayed on the ground. Inside the windowless Building 30 of NASA's Manned Spacecraft Center outside Houston, hundreds of engineers and technicians assembled to guide the crippled spacecraft through its four-day ordeal. Perhaps the coolest and most professional of them were the two young flight directors—Glynn Lunney, 33, and Gene Kranz, 36—who were at the helm in Mission Control during the first hours of crisis.

Kranz, a crew-cut and clip-voiced former test pilot, was just winding up his ten-hour stint with his "white team" of flight controllers when the first hint of trouble came from 205,000 miles away in space. Quickly responding, he made the first of the long night's many important decisions, ordering the astronauts to turn off a fuel cell, check their thruster rockets, and power down the guidance and navigation systems. Though he may well have anticipated the worst, Kranz never faltered or showed signs of panic. "We've got a bad situation in the oxygen tanks," he told the Manned Spacecraft Center's deputy director, Christopher Kraft, "one that I think is uncontrollable."

Finally, after an hour in the hot seat, Kranz yielded to Lunney and his "black team." Calm and unrumpled in the white vest he wears on duty, Kranz told his controllers: "Look, we've got a fresh team here. Let's get off the consoles and let them take over. They might come up with some different ideas, and we'll go back and look at the data and analyze it and see if we can find anything that might help."

Lunney, a lean and sandy-haired veteran of twelve years with NASA, was equally poised. Without loosening his tie or raising his voice, he swift-

ly executed a series of critical moves. As life gradually ebbed out of the service module's vital oxygen tanks and fuel cells, he ordered valves closed, switches turned off, and countless other emergency procedures. When it became all too clear that *Odyssey* would have to be evacuated, he made sure to check the lunar module's own critical functions—guidance, oxygen, power—before directing the astronauts to begin their "lifeboat mode" inside *Aquarius*.

Five and a half hours later, Lunney again showed his mastery of the moment. "O.K., everybody," he told his controllers. "Let's be quiet. We've got a lot of business to do. Let's concentrate on the bird." With those firm words, he began the procedures that would fire the lunar module's engines, kick Apollo into a "free-return" trajectory, and head the astronauts toward earth after they whipped around the moon.

Lunney remained firmly in control until the very end of his tour. "We'd like to propose a small, little test," his instrumentation control officer told him. "You know how I like those," Lunney replied. "Yeah," said the officer, "but this one will save us a little power." Hearing his assistant out, he quickly sensed the logic of the proposal and ordered the crew to make the changes. They worked. Finally, after going off duty, Lunney calmly and precisely answered reporters' questions during a nationally televised press conference.

Both Lunney and Kranz returned to their stations later in the flight. It was Kranz, in fact, who handled *Odyssey*'s bull's-eye re-entry. Says NASA's Chris Kraft, with obvious feeling: "We couldn't have planned it any better than to have had Kranz and Lunney on for those two shifts when the explosion occurred."



KRANZ & LUNNEY

AMERICAN NOTES

Soundings on the Right

Who could possibly quarrel with the basic freedoms guaranteed by the U.S. Constitution? Most Americans, according to a poll conducted by CBS News. A majority of the 1,136 people polled in a representative sampling of Americans in effect do not now support five of the ten protections of the Bill of Rights.

The attitudes emerged in the answers to questions that posed key provisions of the Bill of Rights in terms of contemporary issues:

► "As long as there appears to be no clear danger of violence, do you think any group, no matter how extreme, should be allowed to organize protests against the Government?" No, said 76%.

► "If a man is found innocent of a serious crime, but new evidence is uncovered later, do you think he should be tried again for the same crime?" Yes, said 58%.

► "If a person is suspected of a serious crime, do you think the police should be allowed to hold him in jail until they get enough evidence to officially charge him?" Yes, said 58%.

► "Except in time of war, do you think newspapers, radio and television should have the right to report any story, even if the Government feels it's harmful to our national interest?" No, said 55%.

► "Do you think everyone should have the right to criticize the Government, even if the criticism is damaging to our national interests?" No, said 54%.

No Privacy for 1040

One of America's abiding myths has been that a citizen's individual income tax return is a confidential matter. Even Democratic National Chairman Lawrence O'Brien thought so, and he should know better. Two weeks ago, O'Brien, who was John Kennedy's congressional liaison, and Mortimer M. Caplin, J.F.K.'s Commissioner of Internal Revenue, piously deplored White House Investigator Clark Mollenhoff's seemingly unlimited access to individual tax returns. Illegal, huffed O'Brien. Unless President Nixon withdraws Mollenhoff's snooping privileges, they warned, "We are prepared to initiate legal action."

It would have to be a legal broadside, for the fact is that hundreds of state and federal officials have access to individual income tax returns, and the precedent goes back to 1910. It can be argued, of course, that many officials have good reason to seek such specific information for tax and criminal prosecutions. What angered O'Brien and Caplin was the notion that Mollenhoff, Nixon's political sniffer, should enjoy the privilege in pursuit of partisan ends. Nixon and the IRS had the last word, however. Last week, the IRS produced a 1961 memo extending similar privileges to Carmine Bellino, the man who served J.F.K. in the same capacity as Mollenhoff serves Nixon. The authorization signature read *Mortimer M. Caplin*.



JUDGE BLACKMUN & WIFE

Nixon Makes a Winning Choice

THE Senate's rejection of two consecutive Supreme Court nominees made most of Washington jittery about predicting how President Nixon's third choice would fare. Certainly, if only in a show of consistency, the Senators will carefully examine the credentials of last week's nominee, Minnesota Harry A. Blackmun. Barring any disclosures of judicial misbehavior, the general approval greeting the nomination makes it all but certain that the President has finally come up with a winner.

The Democratic liberals and Republican moderates who effectively blocked Clement Haynsworth and G. Harrold Carswell show no signs of objecting to Blackmun. Even Joseph Rauh Jr., vice chairman of Americans for Democratic Action and a slashing foe of the first two nominees, conceded last week that "President Nixon's nomination at long last of a judicial moderate validates the liberal efforts against Judges Haynsworth and Carswell." Civil rights groups also seem pleased with Blackmun. John Pemberton Jr., executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union, praised the 61-year-old federal judge as a man with "a capacity for objectivity and fairness in the highest degree, combined with a high intellect and sharply honed legal mind."

A Reverence. So far, the only one who has expressed serious doubts about confirmation has been, surprisingly, the judge himself. He told TIME Correspondent Frank Merrick that he has "the utmost respect, almost a reverence," for the Supreme Court and that any man who sits on it, "ought to be without sin." What troubles Blackmun is that in searching back through the 900 cases he has handled as a federal judge

since his appointment in 1959, he found three in which he had rendered decisions, although he held a small stock interest in companies involved in the litigation. Blackmun brought those cases to the attention of President Nixon before his nomination was announced.

Two of the cases involved the Ford Motor Co. He had bought 50 shares of Ford stock for about \$2,500 in 1957, before becoming a judge. In 1960 he helped decide a case against Ford, reinstating a \$24,500 damage verdict a lower court had dismissed. In 1965 he was on a panel of judges that agreed with a district court in setting aside a \$12,500 verdict against the company. He also bought 22 shares of A.T. & T. stock in 1963 and 1964 for about \$1,350, and in 1967 he and several colleagues upheld a lower court decision dismissing a suit against Northwestern Bell Telephone Co., an A.T. & T. subsidiary, on grounds that the suit had been filed in the wrong court. After the senatorial criticism of Haynsworth's sitting on cases in which he might have had a financial interest, Blackmun last January excused himself from a Ford case to which he had been assigned. Blackmun says that now he feels he was wrong in taking those earlier cases, small as they were, but considers it hindsight. "In the more tense atmosphere of recent years, we don't do this."

On His Merits. There is little likelihood that Blackmun will be criticized for his judicial philosophy or specific decisions. Liberals may wish that he had shown more willingness to break new judicial ground; he has tended to shy away from interpretations of law not already sanctioned by the Supreme Court. On the highest bench, there can be no



MITCHELL & WHEEL OF CHANCE
There must be a better way.

passing the buck, and most observers expect Blackmun to prove a highly independent justice. The court has yet to pass upon one of his most significant decisions: his refusal in 1968 to overrule the death sentence of an Arkansas black convicted of raping a white woman. The defendant raised some basic and complex questions about the procedures under which juries can apply a death penalty. Blackmun described his decision as "excruciating" because he "is not personally convinced of the rightness of capital punishment." The fate of some 500 inmates now condemned to death awaits the outcome of a Supreme Court ruling in this case.

If Blackmun is confirmed, it will be due mainly to his merits, rather than any lessons the Administration has learned in how to put a nominee across. Once again, the selection was almost solely the work of the President and his battered adviser, Attorney General John Mitchell. Nixon and Mitchell did not consult Senators or the American Bar Association in advance, although the selection was announced to a few key Senators shortly before the press was informed. But this time Nixon personally met the nominee and chatted with him for 45 minutes before deciding on him. Despite widespread criticism of his role in selecting nominees, Mitchell seems outwardly undisturbed. As he spun a wheel of chance to select Washington's 1970 Cherry Blossom Queen, the Attorney General managed a small joke: "I have a very good idea how we're going to get the next Supreme Court nominee."

The choice of a Northerner prevents any immediate test of Nixon's claim that the Senate would not have accepted a Southerner who is a "strict constructionist." There seems little doubt

that a Southerner of Blackmun's caliber and philosophy could be confirmed. Many Senators were still bitter last week about the President's charge that they had acted out of regional prejudice. The first evidence of the practical impact of these strained relations could possibly come when the Senate takes up Nixon's plan to expand the ABM program. The animosity did not rub on the House of Representatives last week, where Nixon's pioneering reform of the nation's welfare policies passed handily with a bipartisan majority, 243-155. But the drive in the House by Southern Democrats and Republicans to impeach Justice William Douglas (*see following story*) looked like a retaliatory move by Carswell supporters and further embittered the controversy over the court.

The Nixon Tactic. Whether Nixon's attack on the Senate was politically shrewd may not be clear before the November elections. Nixon seems to have scored a few points with some Southerners by championing that region's cause. But not all of the South buys the President's pitch. The Atlanta *Journal* acidly dismissed the Administration's Southern strategy as "cynicism of the first order." Duke University Law Professor William Van Alstyne called the President's stand "a tawdry and desperate gambit," an attempt to "patronize the South" and "a direct insinuation that we have a lack of talent who would get Senate approval."

Nevertheless, the Nixon tactic puts po-

litical heat on Southern Senators who voted against Carswell. It could give the Republicans a better chance to unseat Democrats Albert Gore of Tennessee and Ralph Yarborough of Texas and to fill the seat of the retiring Spessard Holland of Florida. To take control of the Senate this year, the G.O.P. must gain seven seats. But Republicans will have trouble holding some of their own, most notably seats in Vermont, Illinois and New York. Just how the Nixon stance on the court will fare outside the South is debatable. Republican National Committee Chairman Rogers Morton, for one, contends that "it certainly is not going to be a national issue." It could, however, possibly strengthen the conservative vote against some Democratic Senators elsewhere.

The harshness of the Nixon oratory could be simply a bold political gamble. He is well aware that if his party cannot gain control of the Senate this year, its chances of doing so while he is President are negligible. One reason is that 25 Democratic Senators face re-election or are retiring this year, in contrast with only ten Republicans. In 1972, when Nixon presumably will be seeking another term, only 14 Democrats will be vulnerable, compared with 19 Republicans. And in 1974, 18 Democrats and 16 Republicans will face voters, giving neither party an advantage. If Nixon is to acquire a more compatible Congress with which to work, it is likely now or never.

Judge Harry Blackmun:

MOTHER, if it doesn't come through, it's O.K. I like my work on the appellate court very much." With those words Judge Blackmun sought to reassure his 85-year-old mother about his nomination to the Supreme Court. Mindful that emotional controversy has severely upset the lives of the President's two previous choices, he observes: "I feel like a load of bricks has landed on me." A reserved man who is protective of his privacy, the 61-year-old jurist nevertheless appreciates the appointment: "It's overwhelming and humbling."

Except for an avid interest in major-league baseball and professional football, the judge's life seems devoted solely to his court duties and his family, which includes three grown daughters. Although the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals is headquartered in St. Louis, for most of the year Blackmun prefers to work on his cases in the relative serenity of Rochester, Minn., where he has lived since becoming the chief counsel of the Mayo Clinic in 1950. (He resigned in 1959.) An FBI agent confided to Blackmun's lively wife, Dorothy, that the only criticism they could turn up after checking dozens of lawyers was that "he works too hard."

Blackmun has a dry, self-deprecating wit, but he rarely shows it in public. Even as a boy in St. Paul, he put his school studies ahead of most other interests, and spent much of his spare time helping out in his father's grocery and hardware store. Studious but not shy, he won high school oratorical contests and was active in church plays. At Harvard, he majored in mathematics: "It is much the same as legal thinking—it teaches you to be precise and logical." To meet his expenses, he also worked as a milkman, janitor, driver of a launch for the freshman crew and a painter of handball courts. He made Phi Beta Kappa and graduated *summa cum laude*. In 1932, he got his Harvard law degree, clerked for Federal Judge John Sanborn, then joined a leading Minneapolis law firm. A lifelong Republican, he was appointed a federal judge by President Eisenhower in 1959. His fellow judges all have high respect for Blackmun. As one of his former law clerks explains it: "He's a model—a real craftsman. He spends an enormous amount of time researching, drafting and redrafting his decisions."

Those opinions, many of Blackmun's associates assert, are not doctrinaire

Impeach Douglas?

With the air of Carry Nation axing a saloon, House Republican Leader Gerald Ford last week launched a crusade to expel Justice William O. Douglas from the Supreme Court. Most observers assume that Ford wants to impeach Douglas as a reprisal for Richard Nixon's two Senate defeats in the Haynsworth and Carswell cases. Legal scholars doubt that Douglas' unconventional views and behavior come remotely close to grounds for impeachment. But Douglas is vulnerable to criticism on many grounds.

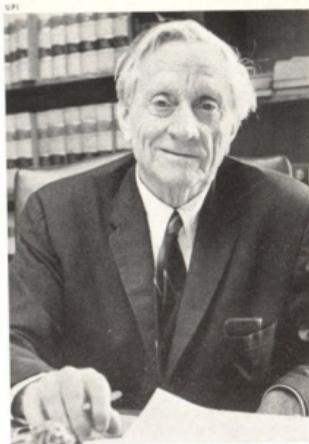
In a 90-minute House speech, Ford reviewed Douglas' nine-year association with the Albert Parvin Foundation, which aids students from underdeveloped countries but had links to Las Vegas gamblers. Though Douglas resigned from the foundation last year and has denied any knowledge of underworld connections, Ford charged that he had improperly given Parvin legal advice while on the court. Ford mentioned Parvin links to Bobby Baker, thus implying the same for Douglas. He scored the Justice's affiliation with the "leftish" Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. He also expressed outrage at the most recent of Douglas' 30 books, *Points of Rebellion*, saying that it gave "legitimacy to the militant hippie-yippie movement." Ford observed that he was infuriated chiefly because excerpts of the book appeared

in the current issue of *Evergreen* magazine. They were preceded by photographs of nudes that Ford called "hardcore pornography," and took pains to show to his ogling colleagues during his speech.

Inviting Criticism. Douglas' 97-page volume is a broadside. "Violence has no constitutional sanction," he writes, "but where grievances pile high and most of the elected spokesmen represent the Establishment, violence may be the only effective response." England's King George III, Douglas continues, was "the symbol against which our founders made a revolution now considered bright and glorious. We must realize that today's Establishment is the new George III. Whether it will continue to adhere to his tactics, we do not know. If it does, the redress, honored in tradition, is also revolution." The *New York Times'* James Reston called this "a damn silly analogy."

It is possible to interpret such passages as pleas for reforms that the U.S. must undertake in order to forestall more bitterness and violence. In fact, Douglas urges "political regeneration," not revolution. But the book's perfidious tone and fuzzy phrasing—hardly appropriate from a Supreme Court Justice—garble the message. Ford declared that the book, coming "at a critical time in our history when peace and order are what we need, is less than judicial good behavior."

It is certainly imprudent behavior.



JUSTICE DOUGLAS

Unwise conduct, questionable judgment.

But Douglas, at 71 something of a folk hero to the young, has always liked to sound off without watching his words too carefully. Independent and highly intelligent (he has been known to scribble notes for his books during boring oral arguments), he has invited criticism for most of his 31 years on the court. Talk of impeaching him simmered in Congress three years ago, when his 26-year-old third wife divorced him and he married his present wife, then 23, within less than a month. Although the technical expertise he gained as a New Deal chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission has been indispensable to a host of antitrust decisions, his legal craftsmanship can be careless. He writes articles for *Playboy* and other magazines, and is an outspoken off-the-bench activist on issues ranging from U.S. recognition of Red China to the ecological misdeeds of the Army Corps of Engineers. Such advocacy piques those who feel that Supreme Court Justices should be more magisterial and aloof from politics and public debate; there is the real danger that in discussing so many issues so freely, Douglas may prejudice matters that may come before the court.

Pornography and Prayer. Douglas provoked earlier impeachment attempts in 1953, when he briefly stayed the execution of convicted Atom Spies Julius and Ethel Rosenberg because their second request for habeas corpus raised a substantial question that the court had not previously considered. The attempted impeachment died in the House Judiciary Committee, and Douglas continued to join Justice Hugo Black in vigorous dissents urging the protection of the rights of the unpopular. In cases involving free speech and assembly, Douglas has argued that the First

A Craftsman for the Court

enough to permit Blackmun to be tagged with any tidy judicial labels. One jurist on the appeals court admires Blackmun for always keeping an open mind on issues—"He's not predictable." Blackmun himself says: "I've been called liberal and I've been called conservative. I think labels are deceiving. Actually, I've been brought up in the Frankfurter tradition" (Frankfurter was a relatively conservative Justice). As for being a "strict constructionist" of the Constitution, Blackmun says: "I don't know what it means." In that, he expresses a view common to many jurists who abhor such terms, feeling that they decide each case on its own particular merits. He thinks that serving on the court would be "a much more soul-searching, much more wrenching" experience than his current judgeship. Even that, he admits, has involved "the difficult loneliness of decision making." On the Supreme Court, he clearly would not be so conservative as to resist new interpretations of past decisions, especially those that were decided by a single vote. "Who's to say five men ten years ago were right and five men today are wrong?" he asks.

No one seems to feel that Blackmun would be subservient to his lifelong

friend, Chief Justice Warren Burger. The two met in a St. Paul Sunday school, attended elementary school together, and have remained close ever since. Blackmun was the best man when Burger married in 1933. Colleagues of both contend that Blackmun is at least Burger's equal in intellect and is too independent to follow any other man's lead automatically. "I've highly respected him all my life," Blackmun says of Burger. If he is confirmed, Blackmun concedes, "there will be some hard going if we disagree, but I'm sure we can do it without any rupture in our relationship."

Unlike her husband, Dottie Blackmun proudly claims to be a "strict constructionist"—in the clothes designing she does as a creative hobby. She and a friend operate a custom dressmaking shop called "The Designing Women," in which they turn out fashionable clothes and teach the art to others. Mrs. Blackmun is excited about the probable move to Washington. "I'm going to have lots of fun because everywhere we go in Washington, I'll have to create a new outfit," she says. None of those who know Judge Blackmun have any fear that the Senate will keep Dottie away from Washington.

Amendment is intended to protect everyone, including "miserable merchants of unwanted ideas." Direct action, he conceded, is quite another matter.

Similar civil libertarianism has led Douglas to oppose legal curbs on pornography—not, as he reiterated in a recent dissent, "because I relish 'obscenity' but because I think the First Amendment bars all kinds of censorship." The court, he believes, is not constitutionally required to take on the dilemma of acting as a board of censors. Strictly interpreting the constitutional walls between church and state, Douglas concurred in the court's 1962 decision banning public school prayers, but would have gone farther and erased "In God We Trust" from coins, and ended the prayers that begin sessions of the Supreme Court.

Broad Language. Though such views have not endeared Douglas to conservatives, his opinions have often pointed the way to historic advances in American jurisprudence. Save for Douglas, who joined his lonely dissents for years, Hugo Black might never have swung the court to incorporating almost all of the Bill of Rights into the due process clause of the 14th Amendment, thus protecting persons from improper state as well as federal action. Writing for the majority in *Griswold v. Connecticut* (1965), Douglas defined a "right of privacy" that forbade state bans on the use of contraceptive devices by married couples. That right is now emerging as a potential safeguard against laws that infringe on private manners and morals, such as unconventional sexual relations between consenting adults. The right of privacy is not mentioned by the Constitution, but Douglas ruled that it is implied. In characteristically broad language he declared: "Specific guarantees in the Bill of Rights have penumbras, formed by emanations from those guarantees that help give them life and substance."

Supposed Immunity. Douglas may have been guilty of unwise conduct, questionable judgment and injudicious partisanship. Is this enough to oust him? It would certainly suffice for the Senate to veto a Supreme Court nominee. But Douglas hurdled that barrier in 1939; different standards apply to a sitting judge. After all, no one seriously considered impeaching Judges Haynesworth or Carswell, despite the criticism that barred them from the Supreme Court. One reason is the need for judicial independence: federal judges are deliberately appointed for life and the Constitution restricts the grounds for impeachment to "treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors." The process requires a majority vote in the House, followed by a trial and two-thirds vote for conviction in the Senate. Since 1789, only nine federal judges have been finally impeached and eight tried before the Senate. Four of the eight were acquitted, including the only impeached Supreme Court Justice. He

was George Washington's appointee, Samuel Chase, who was charged with intemperate denunciations of parties before him.

Ultimate Goal. Even so, Douglas' impeachment is by no means impossible. The threat to Douglas lies in the elusive constitutional phrase that judges "shall hold their offices during good behavior." According to Gerald Ford, "an impeachable offense is whatever a majority of the House of Representatives considers it to be at a given moment in history."

A majority in the House requires 218 votes—and House watchers now calculate that a vote against Douglas today would muster no fewer than 175 members and perhaps as many as 230.



FORD WITH OFFENDING MAGAZINE
Showing his ogling colleagues.

Thus, the chief roadblock for the anti-Douglas forces is getting the issue through a committee and then to a vote before the full House. The Judiciary Committee considers formal resolutions of impeachment, but it is headed by liberal Democrat Emanuel Celler, who is expected to favor Douglas. Consequently Ford, seeking a more receptive forum, proposed a step that would be considered by the House Rules Committee under conservative Southern Democrat William Colmer. Last week Ford got 52 Republicans and 53 Democrats to sign a resolution calling for the creation of a select committee to conduct a preliminary investigation of Douglas.

If it works, the ultimate goal is to force the Senate to vote on Douglas shortly before Election Day next fall. The purpose: to embarrass Senate liberals who are running for re-election and would presumably find it difficult to vote for the "immoral" Douglas no matter how they themselves regarded the charges against him.

FLORIDA

How to Win by Losing

"The fun and games is over," said the chief of field operations of the U.S. Marshals Service. He was referring to Florida Governor Claude Kirk's week-long theater of defiance against the Federal Government. Kirk had refused to allow a court-ordered school busing plan to take effect in Manatee County. His resistance wilted overnight, however, when Federal District Judge Ben Kentzman finally lost patience, cited him for contempt and threatened to fine him \$10,000 a day if he continued to obstruct the court order.

When busing got under way last week, there were no incidents, and attendance was almost normal. Yet resistance, fanned by Kirk's stand, still flickered. Ignoring the fact that some children had been bused up to 40 miles before the court order, many parents claimed it was busing, not integration, that they were resisting. "It's like trucking a bunch of cattle around in those buses," complained Linda Stankly, one of the mothers. Pickets appeared in front of school offices, waving signs: "Give us better minds and less mileage" and "The seat of learning is not on a bus."

Love Feast. Despite Kirk's retreat, he had profited from the bizarre affair. For one thing, he won for his cause a powerful friend in court: the Justice Department. The Nixon Administration sought desperately to defuse the situation and avoid confronting the maverick Republican Governor with troops. Before Kirk caved in, Attorney General John Mitchell, in what one Kirk aide called a "love feast," talked by phone with the Governor at least a dozen times. Kirk had the Administration boxed in: almost any federal show of force would have hurt Nixon in the South.

In a sequence of legal contortions, the Administration backed Kirk's position while criticizing his tactics. Kirk wheedled from the Administration a friend-of-the-court brief supporting his appeal of the Manatee case. This only pointed up the ambiguity of the Administration's position: Solicitor General Erwin Griswold at the same time filed a scathing Supreme Court memorandum criticizing Kirk's tactics.

Thank God. Kirk's grandstanding was intended to boost his sagging drive for re-election, recalling the way Orval Faubus and George Wallace had each profitably played would-be Davids against the federal Goliath while in office. Said Florida House Republican Leader Don Reed: "The overwhelming majority of the man in the street doesn't care if it's a stunt or not. Most people like the idea that the guy's got enough guts to get himself involved." For many in Manatee County, that seemed true. Television Repairman Allan W. May expressed his feelings in a sign taped to the side of his truck: "Thank God for Governor Kirk."



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PROTEST

Make War, Not Peace

One of the strengths of last October's Moratorium Day observances was the diversity of the protesters: war veterans, businessmen, clergymen and housewives alongside gentle, earnest students and older radicals. That was not true last week for the third round of Moratorium observances. In too many cities across the nation, the day belonged to a new breed of hard-eyed youth—Brownshirts of radicalism drawn from the streets, many of only high-school age. The keynote was sounded by the Chicago Seven's Tom Hayden, who told a San Fernando Valley State College audience: "We turned out over

City too (*see box*). A rally at Bryant Park, where some 20,000 New Yorkers had gathered peacefully, was disrupted by 100 militants. A mob of white Black Panther sympathizers rampaged through Columbia University, breaking windows and throwing stink bombs.

The worst violence erupted in Cambridge, Mass., where a night of looting, burning (a savings bank) and smashing caused 200 injuries and \$500,000 in damage to the Harvard Square area. As elsewhere, student radicals were joined by street gangs for the "trash-ing." There were 40 arrests. In Washington, D.C., there was little violence but much ugly rhetoric. Said David Otto, 23, a former Peace Corpsman who heads the capital's Moratorium Commit-



POLICE & PROTESTERS AT BERKELEY
Using the Moratorium for their own ends.

a million people for the Moratorium last fall, and the Establishment's response was to congratulate us because there was no violence. That wasn't the goal. The goal was to end the war. Demonstrations will not stay peaceful if the war in Viet Nam doesn't end."

A pretty radical named Stella Richardson put it more succinctly to her audience in San Francisco: "You don't do it by hollering peace. You got to pick up the gun." Using the Moratorium for their own ends, radical gangs with no seeming goal beyond closing down the University of California at Berkeley touched off the most violent, anarchistic and ugly riots in the long riot history of the school. Mobs of up to 1,000 roamed the campus, throwing rocks through windows, battling police, attacking the administration and ROTC buildings. Though many university students joined in, the field tacticians of the violence were mostly young street toughs carrying lead pipes and wearing chains, and high school students.

The mood was ugly in New York

tee, "Some came in the name of revolution, and there was nothing anyone could do about them. They try to take over everything. The police, the unions, the Government workers—they're against them all. What they want, I think, is a basic end to pacifism."

To Kevin Moran, 22, an honors student at the University of California, Santa Barbara, the violence last February that resulted in the burning of the Isla Vista branch of the Bank of America was senseless and unnecessary. When an angry mob of radicals tried once more to fire the bank, Kevin and a small group of moderate students took their stand. After a night of attacks repelled by 250 police using tear gas, the students, in the hope of avoiding bloodshed, asked the police to stay out of the area and let them put down the radicals and defend the bank. The student defenders succeeded, after numerous fist-fights with the attackers. But in the melee, Kevin Moran was killed by a sniper's bullet.

End of the March

The shift from love to hate, from pacifism to violence, was sharply visible in Manhattan. TIME Contributing Editor Mayo Mohs observed one line of the New York Moratorium March:

ALMOST at once I could sense that these marchers were different. There was a fresh new hate in them, a bitterness hurled indiscriminately at the world around them. At one corner a black cop, patient but looking terribly weary, stood with his fellow officers holding back the crowd while the traffic went through. The front line of protesters was shouting the old chant "1-2-3-4—we don't want your —— war"; one girl—she could not have been more than 15—was taking particular delight in shrieking the obscene adjective loudly at the cop. The word was hardly new, but her strangely misdirected rage was. It was surely not *his* war.

The Viet Cong flag passed, and I knew what the kids must have been told. Some of the older Vietnamese have been fighting one enemy or another for 30 years, and their despair must be huge. But that banner was no flag of peace for me.

Then came a Cuban flag, bold and bright, for a moment reminding me that once, when Castro was still in the hills, he looked like a hero to many of us. Then I remembered "*Al paredon [To the Wall!]*" and the betrayals that came before the sugar cane. But the kids could not remember—these wispy-bearded caretakers of the sainted Che.

I watched four blocks of the parade pass. Panther flags. Shouts of "Off the pigs!" The Youth Against War and Fascism under a red banner emblazoned with Lenin's portrait. Maybe they had not heard of the early, ugly Party tyranny that broke the heart of Lenin's romantic young American follower, John Reed. Behind them came another, newer cause, something more to cloud the main issue: "Abolish all abortion laws." That's it, kids. A reverence for life.

I stood on the curb, caught on the knife edge between two unhappy and possibly hopeless worlds. Behind me was a bank window, offering joyless, useless prizes for opening an account. Across the street were the kids, ramming their way into the mad jumble of Bryant Park. Later, the militants—the YAWFs, the Progressive Labor S.D.S. wing and others—fought their way onto the platform and kept off speakers they did not approve of. If that was the future, it, too, would be a joyless prize.

What had we come to march against? The war? Which war? And against whom?

MILITANTS And Then There Were None

The Black Panthers have long maintained that law-enforcement authorities are out to cripple their movement by systematically uprooting their leadership. Last week two more Panther leaders were jailed: David Hilliard, the Panthers' "chief of staff," and Emory Douglas, "minister of culture." Whether by design or not, this means that every major leader of the four-year-old revolutionary organization is either in jail, in exile or dead.

Hilliard and Douglas, accompanied

by French Author Jean Genet, were in New Haven, Conn., watching pretrial hearings for the trial of Chairman Bobby Seale and 13 other Panthers. They are charged with the torture slaying of another Panther. When Hilliard tried to talk to one of the defendants in the tense courtroom, officers moved in to quiet him. Douglas attempted to intervene, and the pair were grabbed and wrestled to the bench by state troopers and deputy sheriffs. Superior Court Judge Harold M. Mulvey promptly sentenced them to six months in jail for contempt of court.

Hilliard had been free on bail on

charges that he had threatened the life of President Nixon at the antiwar Moratorium rally in San Francisco last November. Seale has already been sentenced to four years in prison for contempt during the conspiracy trial of the Chicago Seven. Huey Newton, Panther co-founder, is in jail for manslaughter. Eldridge Cleaver is in fugitive exile in Algeria. Fred Hampton, Panther leader in Illinois, and Bobby Hutton, the national treasurer, died in gun fights with police. With Hilliard and Douglas locked up, Raymond Massai Hewitt and Don Cox now become the ranking Panthers still free.

AMERICAN SCENE

Ludowici, Ga.

Not all vanishing Americana is cause for nostalgia. Consider the speed trap, that once ubiquitous feature of Crossroads, U.S.A., now largely and mercifully extinct, the victim of interstate highways and perhaps even some slight evolution in civic if not human nature. One malignant exception to progress, however, is the southeastern Georgia town of Ludowici. Named after an immigrant German roofing-tile manufacturer who built a factory there at the turn of the century, it is one of the last remaining speed traps in the country. TIME Correspondent Joseph Kane drove slowly into Ludowici and sent back this report.

TWO large roadside billboards just inside the county lines north and south of town guard the approach to Ludowici. Placed there by Governor Lester Maddox two weeks ago, they warn approaching motorists of "speed traps" and "clip joints" in large black letters on a white background. State Trooper Thomas Randall sits in his blue Chevrolet guarding the southernmost sign against Ludowici's irate citizens. Occasionally Randall puts aside his *Playboy* and climbs out to chat with a tourist, such as H.E. Phillips from Beaufort, S.C. "I've heard about this place in the state of Washington," says Phillips, snapping a picture of Randall and the sign.

The town of Ludowici is 56 miles south of Savannah, deep in the heart of Georgia clay country. The county seat of Long County, it boasts a population of 1,600 and all three of the county's newspapers. Once a quiet train stop, it is now a depressing roadscape of shabby gas stations, diners, motels and half-filled grocery stores. It is also one of the best-known little nowhere in the country. Sitting astride the junction of federal highways 301, 25 and 82, Ludowici commands the traditional north-south highway to Florida; 1,000,000 motorists drive through town each year. During the '50s it became known as the site of a treacherous stop light that trapped motorists by changing from green to red without warning, after which the travelers were ticketed by a waiting policeman. Since 1960 when the light was replaced, Ludowici's speed traps have bilked motorists of a rumored \$100,000 annually. Says Governor Maddox: "The place is lousy, rotten, corrupt, nasty and no good."

It may not be quite as bad as all that, but Ludowici has nevertheless defied the efforts of three Governors, including Maddox, to shut down the speed traps. For years some of the local gas stations also conducted a profitable con game. When an unsuspecting motorist stopped to have his oil checked, the attendant would disable the car by tinkering with the generator or pouring water in the crankcase oil, then suggest that the customer move his crippled vehicle to a nearby garage for repair. Fittingly

enough, the repair shop was called "Billy Swindel's."

The man behind the speed trap, and behind everything else in Ludowici, is the county's colorful political boss, Ralph Dawson, 68, a back-country lawyer who has been running Long County since 1932. Always in a brown felt hat and soiled black suit, Dawson heads a political machine that has never lost an election at the county or city level, and he has not taken lightly Maddox's efforts to shut off his speed-trap revenue. Last year Dawson was tossed out of the Governor's office and called a rascal. To which Dawson replied, "You don't own this office. You are a political accident." Laughs Dawson: "It made Maddox madder than 40 hells."

The encounter strengthened the Governor's resolve to put up the warning billboards. Keeping them there will be another matter, troopers or no. Two weeks ago, buckshot was fired into the kitchen of the Rev. Raymond Cook, a leader of the city's small antispeed-trap, anti-Dawson clique. Maddox hinted that he would declare martial law, but backed off when he learned from state investigators that there was at least a possibility that the crusading Cook may have fired the shots himself to bring the law down on Dawson.

Angered by all these goings on, Maddox says that "if it weren't for the good people there, I'd run the highway right around Ludowici." That, in fact, is what is going to happen. By 1974, Interstate Highway 95 will bypass Long County from Savannah to Brunswick, and the residents of Ludowici will likely be out of pocket for good.





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BREZHNEV (LEFT) PRESENTING ORDER OF LENIN IN KHARKOV

A Birthday for Lenin and a Boost for Brezhnev

In a flurry of final preparations, Russian work crews last week hung red banners and bunting across Moscow's broad streets, while others mounted 2,000 floodlights on the Kremlin's walls or attached gaudy murals to the drab facades of government buildings. Schoolchildren rehearsed, probably for the thousandth time, a song whose refrain goes:

*Lenin will always live
Lenin will always give.*

This week, after an unparalleled outpouring of praise and propaganda that has lasted well over a year, the Soviet Union celebrates the centennial of the birth of Vladimir Ilyich Lenin. While at least 100 delegations of foreign Communists and trade unionists look on, the Russians are staging a gigantic two-day marathon of speeches, parades, concerts and displays in honor of the founder of the Soviet Union (see TIME ESSAY). Meanwhile, the emergent Soviet navy is celebrating by sending its ships and subs on simultaneous maneuvers throughout the entire world.

However splashy the centennial celebrations are unlikely to prove as interesting as the events that surround them. For weeks, tantalizing signs of a power struggle within the Kremlin have been trickling out of the Soviet Union. First came reports that a faction within the Politburo, led by Ideologue Mikhail Suslov and Trade Union Boss Alexander Shelepin, had criticized Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev for his role in the mis-handling of the ailing Soviet economy. The suspense was heightened by the dis-

appearance of five of the Politburo's eleven members, ostensibly for reasons of health. Among those reported to be ill with influenza were Premier Aleksei Kosygin and President Nikolai Podgorny. Together with Brezhnev, they constitute the nucleus of the collective leadership that has ruled Russia since Khrushchev's ouster in 1964. Speculation was rife that a shake-up was taking place in the Kremlin.

Persuasive Evidence. One by one, nearly all the absent Politburo members reappeared last week. At this week's celebrations, the entire Politburo in all likelihood would stand shoulder to shoulder in front of a huge portrait of Lenin on the stage of the Kremlin's Palace of Congresses, as if nothing had happened. Still, it was virtually certain that the heirs of Lenin (who in 1921 persuaded the Tenth Party Congress to pass a resolution outlawing factional fighting within the party) had indeed been engaged in a contest for dominance. For many Kremlinologists and Soviet citizens, who are accustomed to divining the fortunes of the leaders from obscure signs, the evidence was persuasive.

As Brezhnev juketed around the country in connection with the Lenin celebrations, he enjoyed a sudden burst of publicity that struck many Western diplomats as extremely unusual. Three times in four days Brezhnev appeared prominently—and usually alone—on Soviet television. Nothing like it had been seen in Russia since Khrushchev's days. While Brezhnev spoke in a Kharkov tractor factory, where he awarded the Order of Lenin to the workers, the cameras

flashed back and forth from his face to huge portraits of Lenin hanging in the hall. As sustained applause greeted the very mention of his name, the TV screens showed Brezhnev embracing officials, kissing women factory workers, acknowledging the cheers of the crowd, and planting a birch tree at the dedication of a new shrine at Lenin's birthplace in Ulyanovsk. Brezhnev also filled the front pages of Soviet newspapers. Even after Kosygin and Podgorny reappeared, the party boss continued to hog the headlines and prime TV time.

Supremely Self-Assured. Brezhnev was heard as well as seen. In the past, he has often acted as spokesman for the collective leadership. On successive evenings last week, he delivered what amounted to state-of-the-nation and state-of-the-world addresses. He spoke in an authoritative and supremely self-assured manner, and discussed matters that in the past have been the provinces of Kosygin and Podgorny.

Brezhnev declared that the Soviet Union seeks a reasonable solution to the arms race with the U.S. in the SALT talks in Vienna (see box, page 33). In the next breath, however, he hastened to reassure the Soviet generals, on whom he counts for support. "If anyone tries to gain military superiority over the Soviet Union," said Brezhnev, raising and lowering his clenched fist for emphasis, "we will reply with the necessary increase in military might."

On the China problem, Brezhnev struck a moderate, almost conciliatory stance. He renewed the Soviet call for a European security conference and

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issued the standard warning to Israel to withdraw from occupied Arab lands. Brezhnev also declared that a U.S. defeat in Viet Nam, which he described as "inevitable," would be proof of the changing balance of power between the capitalist and Communist blocs.

Drive for Quality. In his domestic address, Brezhnev conceded what every Russian housewife already knew—that there are serious shortages of meat and other staples. He also admitted that Russia's critical housing shortage is far from solved. Brezhnev pinned most of the responsibility on inefficient management and indifferent workers. Said Brezhnev: "Not infrequently, valuable working time is squandered, people report late or are absent altogether without valid reasons, and sometimes people do not come to work because they are drunk."

In proposing his own remedies, Brezhnev almost totally ignored the so-called Liberman reforms with which Kosygin has been closely identified. Introduced in 1964, the reforms sought to stim-

ulate Soviet industry by granting local managers more power and splitting profits with the workers. Instead, Brezhnev emphasized a need for stricter discipline and greater efficiency. Management, he said, has become a science, and he implied that those who could not master it would be fired from industrial jobs. In a departure from the traditional Soviet emphasis on quantity, Brezhnev stressed the need for greater concentration on quality. He also threatened drunken and malingerers with stiffer penalties and called upon the party to whip up more enthusiasm for hard work among the Soviet people, especially the youth.

Economic Gamble. It was still too early to assess the effects, extent or likeability of Brezhnev's ascendancy. Premier Kosygin and President Podgorny, who may well have been genuinely sick, have resumed their jobs, and on the surface at least, the triumvirate still seemed to be functioning.

Though there have undoubtedly been

disputes within the Politburo, it seems probable that the contending factions still seek to avoid an open and embarrassing break. In fact, many Sovietologists expect that the present leadership arrangement will survive until later this year, when the party finally holds its 24th congress, which will approve the next five-year plan. The party congress, which always goes through the motions of "electing" the leadership, would provide a suitable occasion to ease out Kosygin, who at 66 is ailing and may well want to retire anyhow. But such a scenario, of course, presupposes that Brezhnev will retain his recent prominence as *primus inter pares*—and then some. That may well depend on whether he can quickly effect a visible improvement in the Soviet economy. At week's end, Brezhnev's chances of accomplishing at least short-term results were enhanced by an official report that an economic recovery took place during the first three months of the year.

SALT: No Time for Dancing



VLADIMIR SEMYONOV

and Russia's Vladimir Semyonov, and strode into the massive red and brown Marmorsaal (marble hall). As Waldheim noted in his welcoming speech, it was in the same hall, 15 years ago, that the U.S., Britain, France and the Soviet Union signed the Austrian State Treaty, ending ten years of military occupation and launching the nation on its neutral course.

Polemical Dig. Smith read a message from President Nixon expressing his hope "for an early, equitable, verifiable agreement" on the future deployment of each superpower's strategic weapons. Semyonov declared that Russia would "welcome a reasonable accommodation," but added that the intensification of the arms race "serves the interests of aggressive imperialist circles." It was a polemical dig of the sort that the Russians had carefully avoided during the five-week preliminary SALT discussions in Helsinki.

Both sides, plainly, are taking a gingerly approach to the talks, which could prove to be the most significant negotiations of the nuclear age. Acting on Nixon's instructions, the U.S. delegation is unlikely to propose any plan nearly so bold as one contained in a recent U.S. Senate resolution, which recommends "an immediate mutual moratorium" on the deployment of strategic weapons. There were reports, however, that the President has decided to take a broader position at the talks than was originally recommended by some White House advisers. A major imponderable for U.S. policymakers is the leadership situation in the Soviet Union. If Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev is in fact in the process of consolidating his power, he will probably be inclined to move very slowly in Vienna if only to



GERARD C. SMITH

ONE Vienna newspaper warned that many agents are coming, and platoons of plainclothesmen were posted throughout the city to keep an eye on all those spooks. In a scene straight out of *The Third Man*, a special police team combed Vienna's labyrinthine sewers for possible bombs.

No intrigues, however, upset the opening session of the crucial strategic arms limitation talks (SALT) between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. Austrian Foreign Minister Kurt Waldheim got things rolling. At the main doorway of Vienna's sumptuous Belvedere Palace, he grasped the arms of the two chief negotiators, Gerard C. Smith of the U.S.

avoid offending the military men whose support he will need.

For the next few weeks, the two sides are expected to hold two 90-minute sessions a week, alternating between the U.S. and Soviet embassies. At the same time, technical experts from each delegation will probably confer more frequently. Though the Americans and Russians were welcomed with a round of receptions in the opening days, no further partying has been scheduled. Both sides have made it clear that they do not want to turn SALT into a "dancing congress"—as the Congress of Vienna was known—even in the waltz capital of the world.

LENIN: COMMUNISM'S CHARTER MYTH

THE scene was symbolic and significant: Soviet leaders gathering solemnly, even reverently last week in Ulyanovsk (formerly Simbirsk), where, 100 years ago, Vladimir Illich Lenin was born on April 22. They had excellent reason to be reverent and grateful, for their formidable aggregate of power still derives from Lenin's genius and from his achievements as the true architect of Communism. Thus they will invoke his name to legitimize their rule, and adroitly select from his speeches and writings to justify the existing social order. They will cite Lenin to sanctify Russia's quarrel with China, its invasion of Czechoslovakia and its imperious nuclear stance. Outside Russia, wherever there are Communists, men will also congregate in obeisance to the memory of a man who changed the world beyond recognition. Far more than Marx, Lenin is almost the only symbol shared by the world Communist movement, fragmented as it is today by national, ideological and tactical differences.

"Lenin Lives!" is an incantation that has been ritually repeated in Russia since his death in 1924; during this centennial year, the official worship of the Lenin cult has approached religious delirium. The Russian penchant for excesses aside, the existence of such a mystique should hardly surprise the West. Every nation requires what sociologists term a charter myth, meaning a founding father and a founding ideology. In the Soviet Union, the need for a charter myth has been particularly insistent. The Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 attempted to destroy every traditional institution—political, religious and economic—that had held Russia together since the 15th century. From its inception, moreover, the Soviet system has demanded terrible sacrifices of its people that had to be justified in the name of Lenin's ideals. While Stalin ruled by mass police terror, the extraordinary achievement of the Soviet people in industrializing and defending their nation could only be fully explained as an act of faith.

The Remote Invocation

Only Lenin offers a thread of continuity and legitimacy of rule for Russia's present, apparently divided leadership. Virtually all of Lenin's closest Bolshevik comrades—Trotsky, Bucharin, Zinoviev, Kamenev—were dishonored and murdered by Stalin. For 40 years, from Lenin's death in 1924 through Khrushchev's ouster in 1964, every Russian leader was irreversibly disgraced by his successors. Such an interruption in legitimate succession demands a fresh reinforcement of the link between the present leaders and the founding father.

Besides, it seems to be a law of Communist history that the more remote from Leninism the Soviet system becomes, the greater is the effort made to invoke him. Thus the less that Russian leaders are interested in fomenting world revolution and the less that they are concerned with creating a Communist society as Lenin saw it, the greater the volume of Leninist rhetoric. Lenin's real remoteness is underscored by the problems with which a great power must struggle in an age of computer technology. Just as Lenin discovered that there was little in Marx to tell him how to rule Russia once he had seized power, so there is little in Lenin to tell Brezhnev how to build an ABM system.

The Lenin myth portrays him as the master theoretician of Communist revolutions. In fact, not one successful 20th century revolution—not even the Russian—followed the pattern that Lenin advocated. As he saw it, small bands of professional revolutionaries would inspire the masses and lead them in forcibly overthrowing established regimes. This was his hope as he waited in self-imposed exile in Western Europe around the turn of the century. There, amid endless quarrels with rival Socialist exiles, he created his own cadre of disciples who expected revolutions to break out in Europe and then spread throughout the world. Lenin's journal *Iskra*

(The Spark), was printed abroad and smuggled into Russia. "Out of this spark," grandly proclaimed the first issue, "will come a conflagration."

As the years passed and the spark failed to light any major fires, he grew discouraged. Six weeks before the February 1917 revolution, which would depose Czar Nicholas II, Lenin, then 46, told a group of young Socialists in Zurich: "We old people will probably not live to see the decisive battles of the coming revolution." Less than a year later, he was established as the heir of the Romanovs.

The February revolution, Russia's only spontaneous popular uprising, created a constitutional government that Lenin despised. He viewed it as "giving power to the bourgeoisie, because of the proletariat's insufficient awareness and organization." In his immediate shock over the revolution, he even described it as a plot by France and England to prevent Russia from signing a peace treaty with Germany.



LENIN (NOVEMBER 1918)

Lenin may have been unprepared for this momentous turning point, but he had the political genius to capitalize on it. He persuaded the Bolsheviks—a band of perhaps 20,000 disciplined revolutionaries in a population of 150 million—to destroy the ineffectual provisional government of Socialist Revolutionary Alexander Kerensky, which was giving Russia its only democratic moment in history.

As Lenin put it, the Bolshevik seizure of power during the ten world-shaking days of October 1917 was "as easy as lifting a feather." Lenin and his ideas did not arouse the masses to overthrow an exploiting regime, as his early scenario had called for. Instead, he simply but effectively thrust himself into the vacuum of power that had been created by the disintegration of the Russian state and society. In the name of building socialism, he overthrew the "bourgeois" liberties that Russia had barely begun to enjoy, convinced that he knew what was best for the people. "The will of a class is sometimes fulfilled by a dictator," he explained in 1918. "Soviet socialist democracy is not in the least incompatible with individual rule and dictatorship."

Lenin did not start the revolution, but he knew how to harness its spontaneous, anarchic forces and to establish his authority by sheer organization. "Our fighting method is

organization," Lenin proclaimed. "We must organize everything." When he had attained power, he evolved a network of interlocking organizations—trade unions, youth groups, administrative hierarchies, control commissions, agitation and propaganda centers—with the party as its nucleus. Before anyone else in history, he recognized the limitless potential of political and social engineering to reach into every aspect of a people's life and transform it. The durability and power of the Soviet regime testify to Lenin's essential genius as the theoretician of political organization.

Lenin applied his theories in the name of Karl Marx but, as Harvard's Samuel P. Huntington observes, "Lenin was not a disciple of Marx, rather Marx was a precursor of Lenin." Marx had not the faintest notion of what practical strategy and tactics could achieve his revolutionary goals. In many ways, Lenin revised—some would say subverted—the teachings of his proclaimed mentor. Marx predicted that the revolution would be possible only in industrially advanced nations, as the inevitable culmination of capitalist development. Lenin demonstrated that a successful Socialist revolution could take place in a backward, predominantly peasant country—thereby turning Communism into a practical program that could be applied to the underdeveloped world rather than to Europe alone. The economics of Marxism are hopelessly antiquated today, and its appeal as a secular religion is surpassed by that of nationalism. That Marxism continues to survive as a movement is a tribute to Lenin, who transformed a social theory into a plan of political action.

Instrument of Tyranny

Lenin always considered the coercive system he built as a temporary necessity. It is, of course, true that Lenin's ultimate goal was the liberation of humanity, and the creation of an egalitarian utopia when the state, as envisioned by Marx, had withered away. Yet it was under Lenin that the CHEKA was created—the brutal, terrorizing model for all later Soviet secret-police systems. Many former capitalists were sent to forced labor camps or summarily shot. It was Lenin who started the campaign of harassment against well-to-do peasants, which escalated into open warfare when thousands of detachments of Bolsheviks forcibly requisitioned grain and other products. It was Lenin who, after the 1920 Bolshevik victory in the civil war, turned his full attention to building the gigantic machinery of rule that served as the instrument of Russia's new autocracy and, ultimately, of Stalin's tyranny.

In 1923, after a stroke effectively removed him from power, he seems to have grown horrified by much of what he had wrought. From his sick room he railed against the strangulating Soviet bureaucracy and denounced the "Russian chauvinism" that he saw crushing the rights of national minorities. In his testament, which has never been published in Russia, he wrote that Stalin "concentrated boundless power in his hands, and I am not certain he can always use this power with sufficient caution." In a final postscript to his will, he vainly pleaded that Stalin be removed as general secretary of the party.

Inexorably, the question arises of Lenin's responsibility for the horrors of the Stalin era. Probably the essential difference between the two leaders was that Lenin considered coercion as a temporary weapon in Socialism's struggle against its enemies, while Stalin applied it as a method of everyday rule. Yet the fact remains that Lenin created the instrument of power that allowed Stalin to do as he did, and he formulated the principle that ultimately made all of his successor's crimes possible: "Our morality is completely subordinate to the class struggle." Here is the 20th century extension of Ivan Karamazov's doctrine that "if there is no God, everything is permitted." Indeed, Stalin was to Lenin what Smerdyakov was to Ivan, the murderer who made his half brother's deadly aphorism come true.

As all the factions of the world Communist movement join the Russians in celebrating Lenin's birthday, the Lenin who emerges in centennial rhetoric varies sharply in Pe-

king, Rome, Belgrade and Moscow. In China, they cite the Lenin who denounced Czarist Russian expansionism in the Far East, who stressed the threat to revolutionary purity in the unbridled development of bureaucracy, and who believed in the inevitability of world revolution. In Rome, it is the Lenin who stood for every nation's right to self-determination, who observed that when you scratch a Russian Communist, you will find a Russian chauvinist, and who said that Western Communists would do a better job of building Communism than the Russians. In his own country, he is the Lenin who said, "Communism equals Soviet power plus electrification," who thought Russia's main duty to international Communism was to transform itself into a mighty industrial society, and who was profoundly intolerant of any dissent from party policy.

All these Lenins and more are genuine. No other modern leader has combined in one person so many different and often contradictory views and impulses. Yet it is impossible to believe that all who call upon his varying ideas would meet with Lenin's approval. Although something of a campus radical at the University of Kazan, he would no doubt excoriate the passionate bomb throwers of America's S.D.S. and other extremist groups as dangerous amateurs, afflicted with the "infantile disease of leftism." Almost certainly, he would be highly suspicious of Tito's reliance on a market economy and private farming, bewildered by Castro's wild-eyed *barbudos*, and appalled by Che's adventuristic forays in Latin America. Although he took a certain satisfaction in being revered as the Marx of the 20th century, Lenin was a man of personal modesty; he might well consider the cult of Chairman Mao a trifle excessive. He would be contemptuous of the intellectual poverty of his successors in the Kremlin, and despise their grossly simplistic reiterations of his ideas. Their chauvinism and anti-Semitism would enrage him. The expansion of Communist systems to more than one-third of the globe would please him; the quarrels between Communist countries, verging on armed conflict, would shatter his dream that the victory of revolution would bring peace among nations.

A Many-Faced Lenin

History, as Adam Ulam of Harvard observes, may have vindicated Lenin's tactics, but it has also repudiated his hopes. History has also affected his contemporary relevance. If his criticisms of bourgeois society retain a certain validity for many, his remedies have proved worse than the ills they are intended to cure. Beyond that, the viability of Lenin's thought has been affected by social changes he did not, indeed could not, account for. Like many another Marxist, he grossly underrated the productive vitality and capacity for change in what he considered a moribund capitalist world. Lenin also did not have to confront today's youth. There is a fine irony in the fact that in many nations the revolutionary party he helped create is regarded as reactionary by the anti-Establishment young—witness the ferocious diatribes against French Communism by students involved in the May 1968 revolt. The newest revolutionary impulse is not economic or political but romantic and sensual (at its mildest) or anarchic (at its harshest). The young rebels oppose material progress and the very principle of organization—including Communist organization.

Lenin's heirs in Russia do not face this kind of opposition as yet. Nonetheless they are also caught by the contradictory force of middle-class consumer appetites for a better, wider life and by the insistent demands of the creative and scientific intelligentsia for greater freedoms. It is more than likely that both the Western and Communist nations have entered a new historical period. If Soviet leaders choose to react to it by being flexible and granting greater freedoms, they will be able to find chapter and verse in Lenin to justify their course. If they react to it—as seems far more likely—by further repression, that too will be ratified by the appropriate citations from the charter myth. Lenin's ultimate impact on his country will be decided by lesser men, whose only superiority over him is that they are alive in 1970.

A New Horror in Indochina

All week long they bobbed and drifted with the slow currents of the Mekong River, a seemingly endless procession of floating death. They appeared singly at first, then in grotesque flotillas of as many as 50 bodies bound together by rope. After days of immersion in the brown waters of the Mekong and exposure to Cambodia's blazing sun, they were barely recognizable, but it was clear that the victims, mostly young men, were Vietnamese. They were slaughtered in what has suddenly turned into Southeast Asia's latest horror: a Cambodian pogrom against the country's 500,000-member Vietnamese minority.

The trail of bodies in the Mekong added a particularly grisly new dimen-

thorities and herded into concentration camps. Ostensibly, the government's policy was a security precaution against deepening infiltration by some 40,000 Vietnamese Communist troops, who have staged occasional attacks on civilians as well as on soldiers. Especially in border areas, the government is apparently using the prisoners as hostages, in the hope of warding off attacks by Viet Cong or North Vietnamese troops. Two weeks ago, the sound of Communist gunfire prompted Cambodian troops to slaughter 90 prisoners in a camp at Prasaut. Late last week, near an area of heavy fighting in Takeo province, about 50 miles south of Phnom-Penh, Cambodian soldiers opened fire on more than 200 Vietnamese held

at Angkor were completed. Some of the carvings there depict battles between the Khmers of ancient Cambodia and the Annamese, forebears of present-day Vietnamese. In modern Cambodia, the Vietnamese and Chinese minorities dominate commerce and light industry, giving them economic clout that the majority of Cambodians sharply resent.

River Trap. The government's need to boost morale by any means possible is accentuated by its military failures. Sihanouk had allowed the Communists more or less a free run in Cambodia's border provinces. The Lon Nol government seized power with the announced purpose of finally ridding the nation of the Vietnamese intruders. Today, however, the North Vietnamese



ROPED BODIES FLOATING IN MEKONG RIVER
New flare-up of an ancient enmity.

sion to the war in Indochina. Other events through the week appeared to presage a widening of that seemingly endless conflict. The new government of Cambodian Premier General Lon Nol, reeling under widespread Communist border attacks, issued a plea to the world for military aid. In South Viet Nam, the Communists intensified their rocket attacks as part of a spring campaign that may peak about May 19, Ho Chi Minh's birthday. For a moment, however, there was the flickering hope of a diplomatic breakthrough in the war: the Soviet Union, reversing a long-standing policy, raised the possibility of convening a new Geneva conference, presumably like the ones that twice before have drafted plans for neutralizing Southeast Asia.

Government Hostages. The campaign against Vietnamese in Cambodia has been intensifying since the ouster of Prince Norodom Sihanouk five weeks ago. Recently, thousands of Vietnamese have been rounded up by Cambodian au-

prisoner at another camp (see box, page 41).

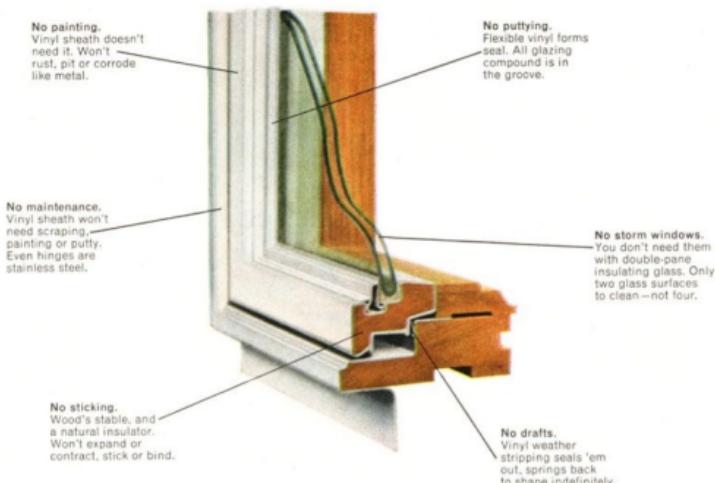
The grisly flotsam in the Mekong testified to more of the same kind of killing. All of the victims had been shot by automatic gunfire at point-blank range, and many had their hands tied behind their backs. By conservative estimate, several hundred bodies were counted floating southward on the river. It was chillingly reminiscent of the slaughter of Communists in Indonesia in the mid-1960s, when anywhere from 200,000 to 500,000 perished. The regime denied any involvement, speculating feebly that the Vietnamese had been killed in "boat sinkings." The fact is that Cambodia's new leaders have encouraged a hate campaign against the Vietnamese, and they are well aware that it has proved one of their few popular moves. The question remains whether they can maintain control of it.

Enmity between Cambodians and Vietnamese dates from well before the 12th century, when the fabled temples

and Viet Cong control perhaps twice as much Cambodian territory as they did a month ago. Minister of Information Trinh Hoanh admits uncomfortably: "Before, the Communists weren't occupying our territory. They'd come in and we'd chase them out. Now they come in and they stay."

Seeking to consolidate authority in their all-important sanctuaries leading to South Viet Nam, Communist forces last week closed in on two key border cities. In the "parrot's beak" area jutting into South Viet Nam, they surrounded Svay Rieng Village on three sides. Moreover, they moved to within striking distance of the Mekong River ferry linking Svay Rieng with Phnom-Penh, leading some observers to speculate that they hoped to lure a large defense force across the river and trap it there. To the south, a combined force of North Vietnamese and Viet Cong troops advanced on the provincial capital of Takeo. During one of its fiercest battles against seasoned Communist troops

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so far, the inexperienced Cambodian army lost 150 men killed or missing in 48 hours.

Cambodia's convulsions had special impact on South Viet Nam. Some 1,500 Vietnamese flowed into South Viet Nam to escape both the fighting and the hate campaign. Meanwhile, as many as 2,000 South Vietnamese troops streamed across the border in the other direction to aid Cambodian forces in harassing Communist sanctuaries.

Nixon Doctrine. The U.S. insists that it has not taken part in the ground fighting in Cambodia. Nevertheless, Washington now faces an uncomfortable military decision. Taking to national radio, Premier Lon Nol announced that "the gravity of the present situation" made it necessary for Cambodia "to accept all unconditional foreign aid, wherever it may come from." Next day an itemized list of needed hardware was handed to U.S. Ambassador Lloyd Rives. Even though troop support was not even mentioned, the Nixon Administration is understandably chary of committing further military aid of any kind to Southeast Asia. For one thing, the President is scheduled to appear on nationwide television this week to announce a new cut in the U.S. forces, now down to 429,000 men. For another, he has already been warned by several prominent U.S. legislators against drawing the U.S. into propping up another Asian government of dubious strength. Still, Cambodia—even more than South Viet Nam—is fighting a foreign aggressor equipped by outside powers. As a high U.S. diplomat in Phnom-Penh put it: "If Cambodia doesn't qualify for aid under the Nixon Doctrine, who does?"

Cambodia needs all the help it can get. The 45,000-man army has enough supplies for less than two months. Its troops are transported on commandeered buses and trucks. Should the U.S. decide to help at all, it may do so by offering financial aid so that Cambodia can go shopping on the international arms market.

Regional Approach. For a short while, it seemed as if the U.S. dilemma over Cambodia might be eased by an unexpected demarche that occurred last week at the United Nations. Answering questions at a news conference, the Soviet Union's chief delegate Yakov Malik declared that "only a new Geneva conference could bring a new solution" to Southeast Asia. Was Malik proposing a reconvening of the 1954 and 1962 Geneva negotiations? If so, the U.S. would suddenly have a promising third route—apart from the stonewalled Paris peace talks and the slow-moving Vietnamization program—to settle the war. The U.S. has recently urged the 14 signatories of the 1962 Geneva Pact to cooperate in a new effort to ensure the neutrality of Laos. At week's end, Malik dashed U.S. hopes by declaring that a reconvening of the Geneva conference would be "unrealistic."

A Night of Death at Takeo

TIME'S Robert Anson and T.D. Allman arrived in Takeo, 50 miles from Phnom-Penh, only hours after Cambodian soldiers had gunned down more than 150 Vietnamese. The victims included 110 men, 30 boys under the age of eleven, half a dozen government officials of Vietnamese extraction, and an unknown number of women and girls. Anson's and Allman's report:

We came upon the massacre almost by accident. In Takeo we hoped to get a military briefing from the local commander, a tall, soft-spoken captain. We called him "Killer" because journalists here believe that he was responsible for the massacre of 92 Vietnamese at Prasaut. We were heading toward Killer's office—he refused to give us his real name—but we decided first to visit the 200 Vietnamese men we had seen interned at the Takeo primary school two days earlier.

From a distance of 200 yards, we knew something was wrong. Before, the men and boys had been crowded into a bandstand, and you could see their black shirts from far away. Today the place seemed nearly empty. We got out of the car and ran. Blood, flies and bullet holes were everywhere. Crouched in one corner were the 50 survivors, every one of them wounded or sick, waiting to be shot.

They told us that early in the week all Vietnamese males from the age of six up had been arrested in the Takeo market and herded into the schoolyard bandstand. For two days they were without food, water or sanitation. Last night, a few minutes after a Cambodian officer arrived on the scene, they were ordered to lie down on the cement floor and go to sleep. Seconds later they heard the order in Cambodian: "Ready, aim, fire." There were three fusillades in all, administered by Cambodian troops shooting into the darkness. Some soldiers then waded into the tangle of bodies, shooting the wounded in the head.

At 2 a.m. a truck arrived at the school and soldiers loaded the dead and dying onto it. They were dumped into nearby woods. It was afternoon before we reached the school and found the survivors and the bodies of three men who had died since. The Vietnamese had had nothing to eat or drink and no medical treatment, even though there is a hospital in Takeo. Both of us had just one thought: to save at least some of the survivors. "Please stay with us," an old man

wearing a Catholic cross pleaded. "They say we are Viet Cong, but we are not. They will kill us all unless you stay."

Promising to return within two hours, we scooped up the most pitiful of the wounded, a little eight-year-old boy with two bullet holes in his mangled right leg, put him in the back seat of the car and rushed back to Phnom-Penh. All the way, he kept a tight grip on Allman's hand; it was the only way we knew he was still alive. We dropped him off at the French hospital. *

Back at the blood-spattered bandstand, we crammed four kids into the bucket seat in the front of one car. Three men got into the back seat, one of them terribly wounded in his stomach, chest and limbs. Another, for whom



DYING VIETNAMESE (BACKGROUND) & WOUNDED AT TAKEO

there was simply no more room, told us solemnly: "Please rent a truck in Phnom-Penh to take us out. We will pay you for all your trouble." His two sons had been killed the night before and his brother was lying badly wounded on the cement.

Next to the suffering, the most horrible thing in Takeo was the hope that our presence created. We naively assumed that other people would be carrying these victims out. We could not have been more wrong. Nobody gave a damn. We know that even now, if the Vietnamese haven't all been shot, they are sitting there in the dark, alone, with the Cambodians all around them, hoping against hope that we'll show up again.

GREECE

A Sop to the Critics

After three years of iron-fisted rule, Greece's military junta suddenly seemed to be relaxing its grip. A total of 332 political prisoners were unexpectedly released from jail en masse. Twenty-seven men and women convicted of participating in a bomb plot that rocked Athens last summer were given lighter-than-expected sentences. A hand-picked senate of 50 men from various income levels and occupations was being formed to advise Premier George Papadopoulos and his colleagues.

Last week the colonels who run the government authorized the most surprising relaxation yet. They released Mikis Theodorakis, 44, one of the regime's leading political enemies, because he is suffering from tuberculosis. During 20 months of detention, Theodorakis, a Communist, wrote the score for the current award-winning movie *Z** and had it smuggled out of Greece. He also wrote the musical score for *Zorba the Greek*. Theodorakis flew off in a jet chartered by French Publisher-Politician Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber. At Paris' Le Bourget Airport, he was greeted by 100 Greek opponents of the Athens government, including Actress Melina Mercouri.

Persistent Pressure. Servan-Schreiber's precise role in obtaining Theodorakis' release was unclear. The pro-Gaullist *Le Figaro*, no friend of the man who founded the anti-Gaullist magazine *L'Express* and is secretary-general of France's rejuvenated Radical Party, called it a PUBLICITY STUNT in headlines. Cynics pointed out that the Greek junta had already quietly informed the Council of Europe that it was willing to release Theodorakis.

The reasons behind the junta's unwanted burst of benevolence were obvious. This week marks the third anniversary of the coup that overthrew the short-lived government of Premier Panayiotis Kanellopoulos. More important, the Council of Europe was about to convene in Strasbourg to consider censuring the regime. Last December, Greece resigned from the council to avoid expulsion on charges of violating the European Code on Human Rights. Last week all but two of the council's members voted to condemn the junta on ten specific counts of torturing political prisoners.

Cyprus abstained because of its close ties with the regime. France loftily insisted that a vote of censure amounted to interference in the internal affairs of

another state; a more convincing reason for its abstention may be that Paris is dickering with Athens for the sale of gunboats and Mirage jets.

Plainly, the council's report on the junta's repressiveness and persistent diplomatic as well as moral pressure from Europe (West Germany and Scandinavia in particular) has had some effect on the colonels. Some—but not much. The recent relaxation, TIME Correspondent John Shaw reported from Athens, amounts to little more than a sop to the regime's critics. Nearly 2,000 political prisoners are under arrest; last week about 40 of them were suddenly exiled to distant Aegean islands as security risks. Parliament remains shuttered, and parts of the constitution are still suspended. Newspapers are required to censor themselves, and their efforts do not always satisfy the colonels. Last month a military tribunal sentenced the editor

garo dresses, Cardin shoes and Pucci sportswear. Among their best customers are the wives of the nation's 10,000 army officers, who need only flash ID cards to receive a 20% discount.

The military may be skimming the cream from the modest boom, but others are benefiting too. The minimum wage for laborers has risen 15% in three years. Income taxes have been cut as much as 13%, but tax revenues are up 60% because of stricter collections. Independent sources expect the economic growth rate to reach 8% this year, higher than it was when the colonels took over. Greece, an associate member of the European Common Market, is pushing for full membership; 1984, ironically, is the target year. A \$350 million deficit in the Greek trade balance should be trimmed by such new industrial projects as oil refineries, an aluminum plant and expanded shipyards that are to be built by golden Greeks like Aristotle Onassis and Stavros Niarchos.

Nothing Untoward. On balance, though, the extra drachmas that jangle in the pockets of many Greeks are small compensation for the loss of liberty. Many Europeans, convinced that the colonels would retreat from dictatorship if more pressure were applied, are furious with the U.S. for its policy of pragmatic neutrality. The junta is receiving sizable U.S. military aid. This year the total will come to about \$50 million, twice the amount Congress authorized.

Washington's explanation is that lecturing or pressuring the colonels would only make them more intransigent. The real U.S. fear is that Greece may be irretrievably lost as the eastern anchor of NATO unless the situation is handled

with care—though it is hard to imagine the rigidly anti-Communist members of the junta getting too cozy with Moscow. Moreover, with Turkey demonstrating increasing anti-Americanism, Libya reclaiming major airbases from Western control, and Soviet naval strength growing in the Mediterranean, Greece figures even more significantly in U.S. planning. The country now serves as a resupply and liberty spot for Sixth Fleet ships, a refueling stop for U.S. planes en route to Southeast Asia, and a prime location for communication nets and missile sites on Crete.

Since the Administration regards its strategic requirements as paramount, a certain degree of cooperation with the autocracy is necessary. Even so, when U.S. Ambassador Henry Tasca arrived in Athens three months ago, he had orders at least to nudge the colonels toward democracy. So far, they do not seem to have felt the American poke very strongly.

Bouzouki restaurants are crowded, although the puritanical military has banned the popular custom of smashing dishes on the floor to demonstrate pleasure. French restaurants are heavily patronized, and so are shops carrying Un-



MERCOURI GREETING THEODORAKIS IN PARIS
An unwonted burst of benevolence.

* Based on the 1963 death of Greek Deputy Gregory Lambrakis in Salónica, it is a fierce indictment of the present rulers.

MIDDLE EAST

Bad Trip

Even after the Six-Day War of 1967, when many Arab nations blamed the U.S. for their humiliating defeat by Israel, Jordan's King Hussein continued to maintain cordial relations with Washington. His friendship was rewarded with arms, economic aid and occasional intercession to help his beleaguered government resist pressures from Israel, the Soviet Union and Egypt, as well as the Palestinian guerrillas. Last week, however, Hussein's volatile country was boiling again, and the force that inadvertently set it ablaze was American.

Trampled Seal. The immediate cause of the King's discomfiture was a planned visit to Amman by U.S. Assistant Secretary of State Joseph J. Sisco. Arab commandos decided to disrupt the visit to protest U.S. aid to Israel, and the King apparently chose not to stop them. Only a few days earlier, he had vetoed a fateful plan to bombard the Israeli seaport of Elath while that city was crowded with Passover tourists, and ordered Jordanian troops to disarm 14 rockets the guerrillas were to have used. The Sisco visit offered Hussein an opportunity to patch things up with the guerrillas by not interfering with their plans.

For three days, crowds rumbled through Amman carrying signs saying AMERICAN PHANTOMS KILL ARAB CHILDREN. Finally a mob of nearly 1,000 burned the U.S. Information Service library, while another crowd of 800 roared on to the U.S. embassy. Amman police and soldiers were nowhere to be seen. Brushing past six Bedouin guards, the crowd stormed the embassy compound, burned four official cars and replaced the American flag with the green, black and red emblem of Palestine. As a parting gesture, the demonstrators ripped the Seal of the U.S. from the embassy's wall, paraded it through Amman, then trampled it and smashed it.

Sisco, who was in Jerusalem meeting Israeli officials, decided to "defer" his Jordanian visit. At the same time, U.S. Ambassador to Jordan Harrison M. Symmes delivered a stinging note to the Amman government, protesting its failure to protect U.S. property and demanding prompt and full compensation. Jordan responded by demanding the recall of Symmes, a veteran foreign service officer who has spent 23 years in Arab countries. From Jerusalem Sisco traveled via Nicosia to Beirut, where anti-American students set the mood

for his visit by throwing stones at the U.S. embassy, and then Teheran, the next scheduled stops after Amman on his eight-day visit.

Lack of Optimism. Sisco's trip, his first to the area since he became the chief U.S. Middle East negotiator 15 months ago, was intended to improve relations between the U.S. and the Arabs and to probe for peace possibilities. But the demonstrations did nothing to improve relations, and Sisco found his hosts generally pessimistic about peace. He and Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser spent nearly two hours together at Nasser's Manshiat al Bakri residence near the Cairo suburb of Heliopolis. Nasser concurred that a political solution was necessary in the Middle East but he



ARABS IN AMMAN WITH U.S. FLAG & SEAL

No longer so cordial.

was obviously disappointed that the U.S. official had come bearing no new proposals.

In Israel, Sisco urged his hosts to be more flexible. He suggested, for example, that if they merely used the word withdrawal in talking about an eventual exodus from captured Arab territories, the Arabs might respond favorably. Despite Sisco's recommendations, "withdrawal" apparently remains a proscribed word among Israeli officials.

In his meetings with Sisco, Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban reiterated his government's feeling that it is time for the Arabs to make a gesture toward peace. In a similar vein, Eban told TIME Correspondent Marlin Levin shortly before Sisco's visit: "We can't go on playing chess by making all the moves. We have made all the moves."

NORTHERN IRELAND Extremist Triumph

His enemies have called him "the bloated bullfrog" and "the clergyman in jackboots." But the Rev. I.R.K. (for Ian Richard Kyle) Paisley, leader of Northern Ireland's extremist Protestants, demonstrated last week that his militant anti-Catholicism has strong appeal to his country's rank-and-file Protestant voters. He handily won a seat in Ulster's 52-member Parliament at Stormont, while one of his close colleagues, the Rev. William Beattie, 27, scored an upset in a second by-election.

Since last summer's bloody rioting in Londonderry and Belfast, the Unionist Party government of Prime Minister Major James Chichester-Clark has been belatedly pressed for the reforms in voting and housing long demanded by Northern Ireland's 500,000 Catholics, who are outnumbered 2 to 1 by Protestants. Most important, the government ordered the disbanding of the anti-Catholic police auxiliary, the "B Specials," and the transforming of the Protestant-leaning paramilitary Royal Ulster Constabulary into a civilian police force.

Given a fair test, the reforms might have reduced tension. Instead, they alarmed many Protestants. In an atmosphere of growing anger, Paisley warned voters: "You cannot talk peace until the enemy surrenders, and the enemy is the Catholic Church." The predominantly Protestant constituency of Bannside, northwest of Belfast, gave him a decisive victory over two opponents.

What worries Ulster's moderates is that Paisley's election might lead eventually to the fall of Chichester-Clark's government in favor of a hard-line Protestant group. Certainly, that is one of Paisley's goals. "I'll make it so hot for the Prime Minister," he boasted last week, "he'll want to retire."

CANADA

The Sober Swinger

I know I'm going to get blamed for not delivering a brand-new Canada within six months—but I've got four years to do it.

—Pierre Elliott Trudeau, 1968

When Pierre Trudeau succeeded Lester Pearson as Prime Minister of Canada nearly two years ago, he seemed just the man to lead his divided nation into a new age. He was a brilliant teacher of law, a respected liberal reformer, a trendy bachelor. Even in the U.S., which usually pays little more attention to Canadian politics than to the Albanian economy, Trudeau's Gallic glamour had its effect, possibly because Americans had such lackluster candidates of their own in 1968.

With the mid-point of his four-year term at hand, the love affair between Canadians and their dashing Prime Minister is undergoing a transition. As Trudeau methodically went about planning



TRUDEAU AT FOOTBALL GAME

AT PARTY CONVENTION
Like a professor in a graduate school seminar.

BOOGALOOING AT RECEPTION

his "Just Society" during his first 22 months in office, old problems persisted—inflation, regionalism, Quebec separatism. Some Canadians grew weary of the image of their Prime Minister as social pacesetter. "I have had it up to here," said a recent letter writer in a Toronto newspaper, "with pictures of our charismatic Prime Minister on vacation, smiling affably and benignly in his impeccable ski suit at some invariably exclusive and expensive resort, or dancing with some invariably rich chick after dining on squab."

Arctic Issue. Some disenchantment was inevitable. More and more Canadians are beginning to learn, however, that while Trudeau occasionally behaves like a 50-year-old playboy, more often he comes on as a sober, responsible leader. Canadians thought that the Prime Minister's official house at 24 Sussex Drive might become a rendezvous for jet-set types. It is busy, all right, but as a member of Trudeau's Liberal Party describes it: "Labor leaders on Thursday. Next week businessmen. Maybe a royal commission. Hardly swinging."

Now the government has begun to gain momentum. Much of that momentum comes from its adroit moves to capture a rising nationalistic mood, largely directed against what Canadians see as growing U.S. domination. Trudeau has no intention of driving out existing capital, and he considers much of the mood mere "chauvinism." Even so, he moved swiftly last month to block the sale of Denison Mines Ltd., Canada's biggest uranium producer, to a U.S.-controlled firm, and to limit foreigners to one-third ownership of uranium companies. That formula may become standard in many fields.

Two weeks ago, as the U.S. supertanker *Manhattan* was heading north on its second experimental Arctic voyage, Trudeau responded to Canadian concern over possible future oil pollution by extending Ottawa's jurisdiction to 100 miles northward from its shores.

The measure, in effect, establishes Canadian control over shipping through the Northwest Passage. Some Canadians wanted him to assert full-fledged sovereignty over the waters rather than mere jurisdiction, but Trudeau characteristically chose the more reasonable course. "This pollution legislation," he said, "is not jingoist. It is not anti-American." Nonetheless, Washington last week sent a strong protest to Ottawa.

The Prime Minister spent much of his first 22 months in office concentrating on long-range planning, modernizing the mechanisms of government so as to be able to cope "with the important, and not only the urgent." Trudeau is cutting the federal bureaucracy by 10%, or some 25,000 jobs, and has streamlined Cabinet procedures. Once he was fully in control of the executive machinery, Trudeau began to move, aided by a healthy Liberal Party majority of 46 votes in the 264-seat Commons, or lower house of Parliament.

He cut Canada's military commitment to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization in half; some 5,000 troops will begin withdrawing from Europe this year. Where Pearson stressed international peace keeping, Trudeau's foreign policy primarily emphasizes boosting Canada's exports. He started negotiations (at present still stalled) to recognize Communist China, a major consumer of Canadian wheat. Recently, Trudeau won some additional points in the wheat-selling West with a plan to wipe out Canada's crushing grain surplus by paying farmers to slash their wheat production by some 90% this year.

Aside from nationalism, Trudeau's most serious domestic problems have been inflation and the traditional antagonism between the federal government and the provinces. In the West, there is a long-standing distrust of Ottawa. That, for the present, means Trudeau. More serious than the West's suspicion is the separatist movement in Quebec. Trudeau, himself a French

Canadian from Quebec, has worked hard to defuse fears of domination by English-speaking Canada. But the Quebec separatists are still mounting demonstrations and Trudeau's problems there are far from over.

Question of Priorities. From the start Trudeau has been deeply concerned with the question of priorities. His refusal to try to do everything—at once—has disappointed those who expected an outpouring of legislation and money for federal programs, and has prompted critics to accuse him of having "no heart." In a recent interview with TIME Correspondent Richard Duncan, Trudeau replied to those complaints.

"The art of government," he said, "is to do as much as you can for all sectors, but to order your priorities in such a way that you are doing most for the most needy first. You also have to make the other people understand that yes, they have a good cause, but since we can't do everything for everybody all the time, we have to choose."

By way of example, he noted that it is the "Middle Canadians"—the professionals, scholars, and middle-income types—who want "more justice for all and more money to help the poor and more money for the cities and more money for the quality of life in which they believe. But they are also the people whom we will have to tax most if we want to fulfill the course they proclaim loudest. Perhaps this is not always realized."

That statement sums up Trudeau's attitude toward government—and the governed. Like a professor in a graduate seminar, he would rather get Canadians to draw their own conclusions than to set everything out for them in simplistic A-B-C terms. That could prove politically suicidal, but there are signs that his way may be vindicated. Last August, the popularity of Trudeau's Liberal Party bottomed out at 39%. The latest reading is 43% and the curve still seems to be rising.

PEOPLE

"You meet the strangest people in Lyndon's bedroom." That is the intriguing first sentence of a chapter in *Lady Bird Johnson's* still unfinished memoirs. How did that get out? LBJ himself gleefully quoted from his wife's journal during his recent trip to Washington and then could not resist reciting the remainder of the anecdote: "I was awakened very early by voices. Sleepily I got up and put on my robe to go and see who Lyndon had in there at that hour. I was absolutely astonished to find—and here the storytelling ex-President paused for effect—"Richard Nixon."

"An aristocracy would do well here, much better than it is doing in my country," observed British Novelist and M.P. Maurice Edelman on a visit to the U.S. The author of *All on a Summer's Night* went on to offer some puckish notions as to how an American aristocracy might be titled. First minister in the court of King Richard would be Spiro, Duke of Maryland; then would come such lesser dignitaries as Knight of the Garter Henry Kissinger and Companion of Honor Bebe Rebozo. In the Midwest, it would be Earl Humphrey of Minnesota. And in the Southwest, the vast estates of Earl Pedernales and Lady Pedernales—"Not," Edelman caustioned, "Lady Lady Bird."

As the lanky visitor sat barefoot on a straw mat in a Kyoto restaurant, eating raw fish with chopsticks, he was approached by a comely geisha who offered to rub his tired back. With great aplomb, Britain's Prince Charles doffed his jacket and accepted a brisk massage, then responded with a heartfelt "Arigato [thank you]."

"This is heartbreaking," said Student Paloma Picasso, 21, after a French court refused to recognize her brother Claude as Painter Pablo Picasso's legal heir.

Since both Claude and Paloma are children of Picasso's former mistress, Françoise Gilot, the decision seemed to rule out any chance that Paloma might eventually share fully in her father's vast fortune. But it did not leave her entirely without assets.

Upstaged by a nearby campus uprising and the Apollo 13 crisis, Jane Fonda got little local press coverage during her 36-hour "fast for peace" in Denver. But she was hardly ignored. Tourists and construction workers thronged around her and gaped at her skin-tight jeans and sweater as she camped out in a downtown square. Even Governor John Love dropped by for an amiable chat. Next day, her passive protest ended; Jane was back in action at Denver's Federal Tower Building, where she urged young antiwar demonstrators: "Be cool but don't give your bodies for cannon fodder."

Asked by TV Interviewer David Frost to name his heroes, Black Militant Stokely Carmichael listed the late Congolese Premier Patrice Lumumba, Black Panther Huey P. Newton, who was convicted of shooting a policeman, Black Muslim Leader Malcolm X, who was assassinated, and the former President of Ghana, Kwame Nkrumah. And what about whites? "I couldn't say who was my hero," said Carmichael, in Manhattan after a 14-month African exile. "But if you could ask me who I think was the greatest white man—'Who was that?' asked Frost. "I would think Adolf Hitler," said Stokely impulsively. As the audience gasped, booted and jeered, he quickly added, "When you talk about greatness, you don't put ethical or moral judgments on them."

Something about the poses and expressions suggested Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum. But the photo actually

TOMMY GILES



WALLACE & FRIENDS
Tableau from Tussaud's.

showed a live actor, Stacy Keach, sitting in a real electric chair, and his producer-director, Jack Smight, making a film called *The Traveling Executioner* on location at Kilby Prison near Montgomery, Ala. The third figure was merely a familiar passerby: George Wallace.

Inspired, perhaps, by the recent activities of Attorney General John Mitchell's wife Martha, Mrs. John Bell Williams went before the TV cameras in Jackson, Miss., to solicit funds for mental-health programs. "As wife of your Governor," she began, "I am constantly aware of the need for this help."

The film *Viva Max!*, a political satire in which contemporary Mexicans recapture the Alamo, caused a stir when American Airlines chose to show it on an L.A.-Washington flight carrying Comedian and Superpatriot George Jessel. After vainly trying to persuade the crew to shut down the projector, Jessel promised to complain to the FAA and the airline president, then closed his eyes during the remainder of the movie.

In its efforts to fight the air controllers' "sick-out" strikes, the Federal Aviation Administration investigated the controllers' attorney, F. Lee Bailey, and now claims—that though no one at the FAA went so far as to talk to Bailey—that he is a lot sicker than the men he defended for staying home. In a dossier compiled for the FAA, Government psychiatrists labeled the famous criminal lawyer "dangerous" and "irresponsible." "He collects heads," said one. "He's a young rebel, a David. His role in life is to slay Goliaths." Bailey sprang to the counter-analysis. "General paranoia," he concluded. "If they said I was dangerous and irresponsible, they better prepare to defend it."

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS



PALOMA PICASSO
Not without assets.

ENVIRONMENT

The Dawning of Earth Day

Seven months ago, Wisconsin's Senator Gaylord Nelson casually suggested that all Americans set aside April 22 as a day for serious discussion of environmental problems. Since then, even he has been surprised by the response to the idea. "It is nothing short of incredible," says Nelson, noting that 1,500 college campuses and 10,000 schools were scheduled to participate in this week's nationwide teach-in.

Most plans for the observance of Earth Day (as April 22 was designated by ecology action groups) contrasted sharply with youth's fiercely militant stands against the war in Viet Nam, poverty and racial discrimination. Unless young radicals stir up trouble, which is always possible these days, the emphasis will be mainly on education, with some quiet fun thrown in. Says Gregory Voelm of Berkeley's Ecology Action group: "This is not a big pep rally and it is not a day of protest."

Natural Life. Indeed not. Some schools chose not to wait and held special classes on environmental problems last week. Students at Ridgefield High in Connecticut spilled oil into tanks of water to learn the effects of oil pollution. But the big show was for the 22nd, and every leading environmentalist was booked to lecture long in advance. Ecologist Barry Commoner's schedule was the busiest, calling for him to rush from Harvard and M.I.T. to Rhode Island College and finally to Brown University. Population Biologist Paul Ehrlich was lined up for speeches at Iowa State, Biologist René Dubos at

DON CARL STEFFEN



GAYLORD NELSON

MICHAEL ROUGIER—LIFE



PAUL EHRLICH

MIKE MAUNEY



BARRY COMMONER

Nothing short of incredible.

U.C.L.A., Ralph Nader at State University of New York in Buffalo. In addition, such heroes of the young as Dr. Benjamin Spock, Poet Allen Ginsberg and various rock stars planned to have their say, if not precisely about ecology, then about the joys of the natural life. Almost all the notables were also scheduled to show up some time during Philadelphia's Earth Week (April 16-22), sponsored by the University of Pennsylvania and 61 other local colleges.

Only politicians were not well represented in plans for Earth Day ceremonies. There were exceptions: Senator Edmund Muskie at Harvard, Gaylord Nelson at Berkeley, Ted Kennedy at Yale, and Secretary of the Interior Walter J. Hickel at the University of Alaska. But, explained Scott Lang, president of Harvard's Environmental Law Society: "We wanted in-

formed people. Most politicians are only reading what their speechwriters write for them."

Dead Orange. Besides the lectures, Earth Day planners scheduled stunts to dramatize various aspects of the environmental crisis. As a warning of impending famine caused by the world's rising population, San Fernando State College students were organized to prepare tea and rice to give people a taste of a "hunger diet." Students at several other colleges and schools were ready to collect bottles and aluminum cans cluttering the landscape—and then to conduct "dump-ins" on the steps of city halls or manufacturers' plants.

The biggest target of all was the automobile. In Danbury, Conn., students made ready to perform the now popular ritual of burying an internal-combustion engine. At Wayne State University they marshaled pickets for General Motors' headquarters (see BUSINESS). Alternate modes of nonpolluting transportation called for "bike-ins," balloon ascensions and pedestrian parades. Even cities joined the act. New York announced a ban on cars and the creation of pedestrian malls along 14th Street and a 45-block stretch of Fifth Avenue. Miami, never to be outdone, promised prizes to the "most polluted" floats in a huge, car-free "Dead Orange Parade," supposed to symbolize the effects of local pollution.

Despite such flamboyant acts, Earth Day plans were largely calm and thoughtful. Technical schools set up detailed seminars on antipollution techniques. Guided "eco-tours" of ravaged—and unspoiled—areas were arranged in many parts of the country. Boy and Girl Scouts were ready to quietly scour townships, picking up litter or washing public squares. In sum, the day was designed to demonstrate America's growing consciousness of ecology, hence of life itself. "It could," says Nelson, "kick off one of the toughest—and most expensive—political fights this country has ever seen."

RONNIE WEISSMAN



STUDENTS AT RIDGEFIELD, CONN. TEACH-IN
Dump-ins, bike-ins and quiet learning.

THE PRESS

How Much Independence?

When word of the imminent sale of Long Island's *Newsday* first leaked to the press (TIME, March 23), the main opposition came from six minority stockholders (49%), all heirs of the late Alicia Patterson Guggenheim. Emotionally committed to Alicia Patterson's strong sense of local identity and control, they were not eager to submit to absentee landlordship. Last week the majority stockholder (51%), Captain Harry Guggenheim, announced that he had indeed sold, for a reported \$33 million. "I believe," said the Captain, that the sale "will assure the independence of *Newsday*." Said Joseph Albright, one of the minority stockholders: "I'll be very interested to find out what they mean by independence."

In addition to concern over how much control the purchaser, the relatively conservative Los Angeles Times Mirror Co., plans to exert over the liberal Long Island daily, the transfer of Guggenheim's 51% raises some intriguing questions. Why did he choose to sell at all? The answer: A conservative, Guggenheim was disappointed by the liberal drift the paper had taken under his hand-picked heir apparent, Publisher Bill Moyers. Ailing at 79, the Captain also wanted to ensure that the six heirs of his late wife would not gain control. Alicia Patterson was the force behind the paper for two decades following its founding in a converted garage in 1940 on \$50,000. Despite her efforts to gain control of the paper in an increasingly hostile marriage, the Captain would never yield to her the all-important 2% of the stock. *Newsday* is now among the nation's leaders in advertising carried, and is first in circulation (440,000) among suburban dailies.

Other questions: Will the heirs now sell their remaining 49% to the West Coast publishing giant? Answer: Not likely, at least for some time. Question: Will *Newsday's* new owners bring the paper into Manhattan to compete against the only afternoon daily, the *New York Post*? Answer: "Good Lord, no!" says L.A. Times Publisher Otis Chandler. "Why in heaven's name would you want to involve it in city problems?" Question: Will Moyers, who has said that he will work only for a "genuinely independent" newspaper (and who harbors keen political ambitions), stay on as long-lister? Answer: Probably not for long.

At *Newsday's* Garden City plant,

where reporters had signed a petition protesting the sale, the news arrived quietly. An editor walked almost unnoticed through the city room with a single sheet of white paper in his hand and tacked it on the bulletin board. Gradually, employees sauntered up for a look and shook their heads. No committed craftsman yields easily to change. "There's no great wailing and gnashing of teeth," said a reporter, "but there is no joy in *Newsday* tonight."

Two Guns and a Weekly

"You know how to train a mule?" drawls pistol-toting Editor Dan Hicks Jr. between drags on a dead briar pipe. "First you got to hit him over the head with a two-by-four to get his attention."

PETER NANCE



HICKS, WINCHESTER & COLT
Playing favorites with no one.

That's what I did to Madisonville. Now they know I'm here and won't go away. As long as I've got a typewriter and a piece of paper, they can't put me out of business."

Some have tried. Shotgun blasts have been fired through his office door. He has been beaten up. Angry, anonymous voices constantly threatened him over the phone. Last January somebody poured gasoline under his newspaper's back door and set the building ablaze. Such attacks have moved Hicks to pack a .25 Colt automatic in his billowing pants and sometimes mount a special night watch with a Winchester .30-30. But he still prefers to do battle with the same weapon that provoked the harassment—the weekly Tennessee newspaper he took over in 1967, the *Monroe County Democrat* (circ. 6,000).

Hicks has wielded it effectively against

a wide range of targets in and around the county seat, Madisonville (pop. 3,500). Writing virtually all of its 16 to 20 pages himself (his mother handles the society page and his wife reads proofs), he has forced the indictment of a county road supervisor for embezzlement; the collapse of a local Ku Klux Klan movement; the closure of a sleazy club for underage drinkers; the upgrading of the local school board; the proper outfitting of the volunteer fire department; and improvement in the water supply.

The *Democrat's* hammerings at local ills have earned Hicks national honor. Last year, at the annual conference of weekly-newspaper editors, he won two awards for courageous leadership. But in Monroe County, birthplace of Estes Kefauver and a haven for bootleggers, Hicks is no hero. Even those who support him in some of his crusades are apt to turn against him when they discover he plays favorites with no one. "It's tough to write about an old friend who's on the board of deacons at church with you," says Presbyterian Hicks. "But you have to treat all people alike and never back down. You start lying, and the next thing you know it pyramids and falls down of its own weight."

Hicks, with some financial backing from three partners, bought the *Democrat* three years ago for \$60,000. Within a year, his stories on apparent corruption in the county roads department had led to the indictment of the supervisor for embezzlement. On the first day of the trial (which ended in a hung jury and has yet to be reheard), Hicks was brutally beaten in front of his office by two teen-agers, one a preacher's son. According to an informant, both admitted having received \$30 and a gallon of moonshine to do the job. At their trial the prosecutor muttered: "If they'd been offered \$50 to kill him, they probably would have."

Old Dan. No deskbound editor, Hicks is constantly on the move gathering stories. His two cars, his office and his home are equipped with police radio monitors and he has a two-way radio hook-up with the fire department. At 48, he chases accidents and fires like a cub reporter. He even takes and develops his own pictures. "I never wanted to be anything but a weekly-newspaper editor," says Hicks, "and I've made a career of it. It's a one-man show and I wouldn't have it any other way."

Hicks' father ran the *Democrat* for 22 years. Then Hicks' younger brother took it over until 1964, when it was sold out of the family. Now it is back, though some readers find it hard to believe it is in the same family. "Never a better man lived than old Dan Hicks," says Madisonville Mayor Henry Veal. "He approached news from a different angle from his son." Dan Jr. agrees: "Dad didn't want to make anybody mad. So he had a lot of friends and no influence." What about himself? "I can be as mean as any son of a bitch in this country."

* The sale caps a decade of acquisitions for the aggressive Times Mirror Co. (after Time Inc. and McGraw-Hill, the third largest in publishing). In addition to the parent Los Angeles Times, the company has acquired the New American Library, the World Publishing Co., *Popular Science* and *Outdoor Life* magazines and, with the Washington Post, is pioneers in an increasingly profitable news service. Most recently, it offered more than \$80 million for the Dallas Times Herald and its three local TV and radio stations.

MUSIC

Pleni Sunt Celli

With a hundred cellos gleaming on it, the stage of New York's Philharmonic Hall looked like the setting for a Busby Berkeley musical. The earlier part of the program included Soprano Beverly Sills, Pianist Rudolf Serkin and Conductor Leopold Stokowski. But "*Salud Casals!*" night did not really get underway until the guest of honor arrived with his all-cello orchestra. The performers had gathered from all over the world. Each cellist financed his own trip and donated his services for the privilege of being led by Pablo Casals in one of his brief compositions, a Catalan *Sardana* (an infinite number of cellos can play its eight-part harmony).

When Casals finally came on, he was helped up to the podium. He began to conduct sitting down. But the music soon brought him to his feet to urge his fellow musicians forward. Time may have taken its physical toll of Casals the cellist. But as the evening showed, his conducting seems to improve with age. He had strong control, and he got exactly what he wanted from both music and orchestra. When he took up his baton the years vanished.

No Egomania. Perhaps the reason Casals has withstood the wear and tear of time so well is that he has not faded, only mellowed. His new autobiography, *Joys and Sorrows* (as told to Albert E. Kahn; Simon & Schuster: \$7.95), avoids the orgies of nostalgic egomania typical of most aging performers. "On my last birthday I was ninety-three years old," he begins. "That is not young, of course. In fact, it is older than ninety. But age is a relative matter."

By *El Maestro's* account, his birth in Catalonia on Dec. 29, 1876, was not auspicious. "The umbilical cord twisted around my neck," he writes. "My face was black, and I nearly choked to death." At the age of four, he began studying the piano with his father, the church organist in Vendrell. At twelve, he was already a virtuoso cello player and was on his way to revolutionizing cello tech-

nique. "There was something very awkward and unnatural in playing with a stiff arm and with one's elbows close to one's sides," he explains. "We had to hold a book under the armpit of our bowing arm while we were learning." Casals threw away the book, devised a method that freed the arms and improved left-hand fingering. He opened up the hand position, too, and found he could play four notes at once instead of three. The results made Casals famous and transformed the cello into a celebrated instrument.

Born with Ability. Yet Casals admits that he has reservations about the cello. He prefers conducting, but avoids any claim of greatness in either métier. From a lesser master, such self-deprecation might seem disingenuous, but Casals clearly means it. "I was born with an ability, with music in me," he explains. "No special credit was due me."

With the quirky vanity of genius, he does boast about his skill at tennis, a game he loved. Sir Edward Speyer, the British financier and patron of music, recalls Casals' arriving at his estate one day in the early 1900s and announcing, "First we'll play six sets of tennis and then the two Brahms sextets."

The famous Casals sense of injustice asserted itself even when he was a child. Financed by the royal family of Spain, young Casals auditioned for the Conservatory of Music in Brussels, and after being rudely taunted by the cello professor for claiming an astoundingly broad repertory, stunned both professor and students with his playing. When the professor then eagerly asked Casals to join the class, Casals snapped: "You were rude to me, sir. You ridiculed me in front of your pupils. I do not want to remain here one second longer." He left for Paris, forfeiting the royal family's support by doing so.

Casals had a blazing temper. He relates that when his manager cheated him during a tour of America in 1904, he seized the man, hurled him into the revolving doors of a hotel, and spun him around until the door broke and the cul-

prit was catapulted into the street. "Of course I had to pay for the doors," writes Casals, "but I really didn't mind."

Casals played for two American Presidents (Theodore Roosevelt in 1904, John F. Kennedy in 1961) and for British monarchs starting with Queen Victoria in 1899. He knew Debussy, Rimsky-Korsakov and Conductor Hans Richter, who had been a friend of Wagner. His book is stuffed with tales of great music makers at their most unbuttoned moments. He tells how his friend Violinist Pablo Sarasate used to complain of insomnia because, he claimed, his room was full of turtles. Tiring of this fiction, Sarasate's friends filled the great virtuoso's quarters with real turtles. Sarasate contemplated the creatures and, unabashed, sighed, "You see how it is . . ."

The Idealist. Rarely is Casals personally revealing. He does offer praise for Martita, his youthful present wife, married in 1957. "She is the marvel of my world, and each day I find some new wonder in her." It is only in the second half of *Joys and Sorrows* that the reader begins to glimpse Casals the idealist, who used his artistic prestige to protest political injustices. Early in life he rejected socialism. "Full of illusions about changing society and man," he decided. "How is man to be changed when he is full of selfishness and cynicism, when aggression is part of his nature?" The book discusses his 30 years of voluntary exile, embarked upon in outrage at Franco's rule in Spain, and reflects Casals' anger at American support of that regime. His sense of political morality sizzles from the pages in his denunciations of the Spanish government. When asked why he does not give up his Spanish passport, Casals retorts: "Why should I give it up? Let Franco give up his. And then I shall return."

Casals, after all, is that most elusive of subjects, a profoundly simple man who possesses genius and spirit. It is not surprising that he does not know (or show) himself as fully as his admirers and the world might wish. Meanwhile, as both book and "*Salud Casals!*" attest, he is happily still present, still performing.

PABLO CASALS CONDUCTING ALL-CELLO ORCHESTRA AT PHILHARMONIC HALL

HENRY GROSSMAN



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SPORT

King of the Flat Blade

When he came home from a tournament last year, Billy Casper found his eight-year-old son tapping balls across the living-room rug with a mallet-head putter he had found lying around the house. Casper tried a few strokes, liked the feel of the club and decided to try it out in the Bob Hope Desert Classic. He won, and the putter has been in his bag ever since. Last week it won him the coveted Masters championship. His longest putts popped up as if the undulating greens were as level as his living-room rug.

Casper's chance discovery befits the mystique surrounding putting, the most delicate and distressingly difficult aspect of golf. In quest of an elusive "feel," professional golfers will try anything short of witchcraft to find the right putter. They experiment constantly, switching from wood shafts to glass, straight shafts to curved, aluminum heads to lead. In his heyday, Ben Hogan roamed the greens with a brass, center-shaft club the head of which was fashioned from an old doorknob. For a while Sam Snead tried putting between his legs, croquet style, with something that looked like an undernourished sledgehammer. Arnold Palmer prepares for a tournament by endlessly changing the grip and reweighting the head of his favorite putter. Gene Littler has been known to use a club he bought at a miniature golf course for \$1.

"Putting affects the nerves more than anything," explains Old Pro Byron Nelson. "I would actually get nauseated over three-footers, and there were tournaments when I couldn't keep a meal down for four days." The pressure causes golfers to study a green as though it were a minefield, surveying each blade of grass along the intended route. Their stances vary from the pigeon-toed crouch of Palmer to the cross-handed contortions of Orville Moody. And once the ball is on its way, they try to coax it along into the hole with some of the most astounding body English this side of a Martha Graham troupe. The stakes are worth it. As some laureate of the links once observed: "You drive for show, you putt for dough."

Mental Refreshment. No one proves that adage better than Billy Casper. Known as the King of the Flat Blade, he is perhaps the best putter among all the great players in the game today.

Though he likes to say that he attaches more importance to his driving, he will lecture for hours on the virtues of the "reverse overlap" putting grip, or the different consistencies of Bermuda and bent-grass greens. "If you don't putt well, it affects your whole game. It is the most delicate and precise thing you do," he says. "It takes more touch, more feel. You have to be mentally refreshed to do it well."

In preparation for the Masters, Casper refreshed himself with a five-week layoff and just one tune-up tournament

MARION CROWE



CASPER PUTTING
For dough instead of show.

to put a high gloss on his game. It paid off as he out-putted Bert Yancey and Gary Player in the final round and went into a play-off with his old boyhood friend Gene Littler. Relying again on his trusty mallet-head, Casper one-putted seven of the first eleven greens, holing snaking shots from 15 and 30 feet. He went on to win by five strokes. Throughout the 90 holes of play, Casper needed only 145 putts while Littler needed 166, a crucial difference of 21 putts. Casper, in fact, did not waste more than two putts on a single green.

After picking up the top prize of \$25,000 and his first Masters victory, Casper said with a straight face: "I think most golfers overemphasize putting." Neither Gene Littler nor anyone else believed him.

Advantage, Mr. Martin

"The public thinks that tennis is rich people out on their lawns going pitter-pat, pitter-pat," says former U.S. Women's Champion Billie Jean King. "As a result, the only ones who watch tennis are those who participate in the sport." Billie Jean has a point. Apart from the most important matches, tennis ranks slightly above barrel jumping and kite flying as a spectator sport. The fault is not with the game but with its hidebound governing bodies. Continually bogged down in petty disputes, they have been more concerned with self-preservation than promotion. Last week Alastair Martin, president of the usually staid United States Lawn Tennis Association, called for sweeping changes. The U.S.L.T.A., he said, "is losing opportunities, causing confusions and creating misunderstandings—not so much by its actions as by its inactions."

Super Series. To restore declining interest in the Davis Cup, Martin demanded that professionals as well as amateurs be allowed to compete on the national teams. What's more, said he, if an open cup tournament is not approved this year, the U.S.L.T.A. may promote a "super tennis series" that would bring the cup champions up against such top contract pros as Rod Laver, Tony Roche and Pancho Gonzalez.

Martin also leveled an attack on the "unrealistic control of American tennis" that is exercised by the International Lawn Tennis Federation. Noting that "different nations have different philosophies," he said that at the I.L.T.F.'s meeting in Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, on July 8, he will introduce an amendment that would allow each national association "to establish for itself rules of play, categories of players, and rules for the conduct, promotion and scheduling of tournaments."

Spirit of Revolt. The spirit of revolt that has sparked Martin's proposals is already in evidence on the court. At a recent open tournament in Philadelphia, the players defied an I.L.T.F. rule by electing to play a special "tie-breaker" game whenever a set was tied at 6-all. For the next game, the players simply alternated the serve, and the first to win a predetermined number of points by a margin of two, won the set. Under the old system, the competitors struggled on and on until one of them won by two games. Thus it took 5 hrs. 20 min. at Wimbledon last year for Pancho Gonzalez to defeat Chuck Pasarell 22-24, 6-16-14, 6-3, 11-9—a situation that proved exhausting for players and spectators alike, and utterly impossible for network TV coverage.

Martin, 55, a former U.S. court tennis champion, may be just the man to solve the problem. Last week he allowed that if the I.L.T.F. does not relax its old policies, he will as a last resort withdraw the U.S. from the federation. Advantage, Mr. Martin.

EDUCATION

A Striking Proposition

In the first of an anticipated wave of California school strikes this spring, more than half of the 25,000 teachers in the Los Angeles city school system walked out last week after contract negotiations between the United Teachers of Los Angeles and the Board of Education broke down. At week's end the teachers were still on strike despite a temporary court injunction ordering them back to work and threatened contempt citations for union leaders.

The basic issue in the dispute is money—and not just for higher salaries. The Los Angeles teachers are demanding that their pay scale, which now runs from \$7,200 to \$14,350, be raised to a range of \$10,000 to \$20,000. But they are also making a major pitch for smaller classes, better textbooks, new courses, more teachers for Chicano students and free breakfasts for ghetto children. Before striking, the teachers rejected an offer of a 5% wage hike, claiming that no action was promised on their other demands for vital improvements.

Pressure on Reagan. Underlying the strike is the fact that the Los Angeles school system, like most in California, is rapidly going broke. Under economy-minded Governor Ronald Reagan, the share of local school costs borne by the state has been declining steadily and now stands at about 35%—compared with New York State's 45%, Washington's 59% and Hawaii's 87%, highest in the nation. Thus Los Angeles expects 1% more pupils next year but 3% less state aid. Meanwhile, costs have been rising and the willingness of citizens to pick up the difference through

higher property taxes has run out. When Los Angeles voters were asked to approve a hike in local school taxes last month, for example, they rejected the proposal by a 3-to-1 margin.

Convinced that the only solution to the schools' worsening financial crisis lies in increased state aid, the 170-member California Teachers Association is co-sponsoring Proposition Eight, an initiative that will be presented to all California voters on June 2. Among other things, the proposition calls for the state to match the amount of school taxes collected locally on a fifty-fifty basis.

Governor Reagan opposes the measure because it would require an immediate boost in state sales or income taxes or both, a development that Reagan, running for re-election next year, is eager to avoid. But C.T.A. officials remain hopeful that the Los Angeles strike—and others like it threatened in Oakland, San Francisco, Torrance and several more cities—will galvanize California voters behind Proposition Eight.

Counterattacks

All over the country, state legislators have tried to curb campus disruptions—and win favor with voters—by forcing colleges to mete out ever harsher penalties to demonstrators. Supporters of such measures argue that universities must protect themselves or be destroyed; critics believe that unduly harsh countermeasures have often transformed moderate students into radicals. The latest instance: legislation in Pennsylvania and a pending law in New York.

The Pennsylvania law is unusual: it requests colleges in all 50 states to compile reports on the behavior of all Penn-

sylvanians involved in disruptions. If a college refuses to cooperate, says the law, all of its Pennsylvanians lose financial aid from their home state.

Banishment. So far, 857 colleges in other states have agreed to keep tabs on Pennsylvanians. But resistance is growing. Numerous schools have returned the agreement forms unsigned, leaving their Pennsylvania students without further state aid. Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Dartmouth and Princeton, among others, remain undecided. Last week Stanford and Haverford refused to sign. The Stanford trustees echoed others in their unwillingness to let outsiders "determine whether a student is fit to continue study."

The New York law, passed by the assembly, comes close to reviving the ancient penalty of banishment. If his school received state funds, a student arrested in a campus disorder and jailed for ten days or more would be barred from the college for up to five years. If he were sentenced to more than three months, he would be barred permanently from any state-aided campus, which would mean virtually every college in New York.

Some assemblymen who opposed the bill wondered whether protesters would be placed in double jeopardy by being punished twice for the same offense. In any case, the bill may not get out of committee in time for a vote this year.

At Washington University in St. Louis is last month, an early-morning clash between police and anti-ROTC demonstrators helped to prompt what may be the nation's first federal-grand-jury investigation of a campus protest. The jury, which last week heard testimony from faculty, students and newsmen, is trying to determine whether the protesters violated the civil rights of ROTC students. The jurors will also consider whether a fire that leveled the university's small Army ROTC building in February violated a federal law that protects national defense installations.

If the grand-jury hearings produce civil rights indictments, many means of protest now widely used on campus—especially those that keep other students from their classes—might face stiff new federal penalties. Control of campus discipline would continue to shift from college officials to civil authorities.

Ivan v. Johnny

One measure of a society, says Cornell Psychologist Uri Bronfenbrenner, is the way it raises its young: "The concern of one generation for the next." In his new book, *Two Worlds of Childhood*, he outlines the child-rearing practices of the U.S. and the Soviet Union, which he has visited nine times since 1960. Although the Russian system has its limitations, Bronfenbrenner finds it more efficient than the American approach in achieving its goals.

Bronfenbrenner sees the U.S. system as perilously deficient: "If the current



LOS ANGELES TEACHER ON STRIKE
Not just for higher salaries.

SOVPHOTO



CHILDREN IN A SOVIET NURSERY
Two systems: one efficient, one deficient.

trend persists, we can anticipate increased alienation, indifference, antagonism and violence on the part of the younger generation in all segments of our society—middle-class children as well as the disadvantaged." While the two countries' child-raising goals are obviously different, Bronfenbrenner thinks the U.S. could do worse than to borrow selectively from Soviet techniques.

Goody-Goodies. Soviet children are members of collectives—nurseries, schools, camps, youth programs—that emphasize obedience, self-discipline and, above all, subordination of self to group. The bright student, for example, wins praise for his class or school; the slacker betrays his group. Each phase of collective upbringing stresses *vospitanie*, character education designed to inculcate "Communist morality," the ultimate goal. Teachers, peers, older children—all exert friendly but firm pressure on the individual to conform.

Typically, Russian children are well-mannered, industrious and attentive. Moreover, "instances of aggressiveness, violations of rules and other antisocial behavior are genuinely rare." But conformity exacts its toll. "Russian children are goody-goodies," says Bronfenbrenner. "They are Victorians." They also lack the spontaneity and expressiveness—the independence—of their American counterparts.

Antisocial Peers. In collective upbringing, the family plays a decidedly secondary role. The relative significance of parents is the root difference between American and Russian child-raising. Traditionally, Americans have had the moral and legal responsibility for their children's "socialization"—"the way in which a child born into a society becomes a member of that society." But, says Bronfenbrenner, for all their talk about leading child-oriented lives, U.S. parents are spending less time than ever with their children, and are giving them less physical affection and simple companionship. The reasons include urban-

ization, commuting, the mesmerizing power of TV and parental permissiveness ("which means in practice, 'Leave them alone'").

While the church's role in moral upbringing "has withered," says Bronfenbrenner, the American public school concentrates on factual knowledge. "Training for action consistent with social responsibility and human dignity is at best an extracurricular activity." So American children turn to two surrogate character builders: TV—much of it violent—and their peers. Unlike the Soviet child's peer group, the American's "is relatively autonomous, cut off from the adult world. The trouble is," says Bronfenbrenner, "kids have little to teach each other." But they do intensify one another's antisocial bents, such as playing hooky, lying or teasing other children. He cites as well founded William Golding's *Lord of the Flies*, a chilling novel about a group of schoolboys who are stranded on an island, have only their own company to keep and fall into savagery.

Adult Models. How to stem the trend toward increased alienation of the young? Bronfenbrenner says that U.S. parents must reinvoke themselves in their children's lives, must reclaim their status as the "most contagious" models of behavior. In the schools, teachers should take renewed interest in the development of their charges. Classrooms should generate healthy "group competition and organized patterns of mutual help"; older classes might adopt the Soviet plan of taking on younger grades as "ward classes." Bronfenbrenner, one of the founders of Head Start, feels that neighborhood programs—especially those involving parents and other adult models—are indispensable in helping to form or reform proper modes of behavior. Without such "radical innovations," he concludes, "it will be all children who will be culturally deprived—not of cognitive stimulation, but of their humanity."



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SHOW BUSINESS

Grinding to a Halt

If vaudeville was once king, burlesque was the nation's raffish, rococo old queen. Sixty years ago this week, Baltimore's New Monumental Theater featured "Divorceland: A fantasy of song and jest, with sumptuous scenic environment and an ensemble of beauteous femininity, prodigiously clad in costly raiment." Throughout the '20s and '30s, pratfalls and epidermis at Minsky's warmed the Broadway night. From Boston's elegant Old Howard Theater to the vulgar palaces of Midwestern river towns, innocently dirty old men of all ages whistled and stamped at the sultry writhings of Gypsy Rose Lee, Ann Corio and Rose La Rose.

Fiftyish but still game, Rose was back at Cincinnati's Gayety Burlesk last week. But the beat at the Gayety was a dirge to the vanishing world of burlesque. In its rowdy, 60-year history, the old grind house featured such titillating favorites as Tempest Storm, Trudine, The Quiver Queen, and Moonbeam McSwine (complete with an armful of randy piglets). Like most such houses, it has been reduced in recent years to skin flicks, separated by the geriatric gyrations of faded strippers. Now the Gayety is being torn down to make way for a parking lot. To mourn the moment, the town fathers brought Harold Minsky and his troupe from Las Vegas and persuaded Rose La Rose to come out of retirement. The result was simultaneously salacious and a much too respectable salute to a bygone era.

Flit Guns. Cincinnati citizens turned the two-night extravaganza into a community project. The Minsky show was staged in the nearby Shubert Theater, and post-performance parties were thrown at the Gayety. Some 100 lady volunteers scrubbed away part of the Gayety's grime and even painted over

the most unsavory washroom graffiti. Sixty years of libidinous musk was impossible to eradicate, however; before the opening-night party, Flit guns filled with Nettie Rosenstein perfume were distributed among the ladies.

Nearly 4,000 black-tied gentlemen and bejeweled matrons turned out for the two performances. Catcalls and whistles echoed throughout the house as the curtain rose on a chorus line of topless dancers and intensified at the entrance of Alawn Don Jay, the "Sophisticate Blond Beauty." Audiences paid \$25.700 for the show. Highlights of the evening's entertainment: Cece Ingram, a top-heavy lass billed as Satan's Angel, Satan's little darling stripped down to a G string and tassels, which she set aflame and proceeded to twirl in opposite directions. Sighs Cece: "It wrecks the breasts, but I've stayed in the business because—well—burlesque is my home."

Teasingly Yours. At intermission, traditional candy butchers did a thriving business in "surprise packages" containing little nasties and taffy at a dollar a throw. Later, at the Gayety, Rose held court in a silver gown, signed men's shirttails with "Teasingly Yours, Rose La Rose" for \$10. Bright young girls hawked pasties (\$2) and tassels (\$7).

John J. Strader, a wealthy Cincinnatian, lovingly cradled six boxes of G strings and pasties as he said: "I've bought these to give to old friends, to the lovers of the better things in life." Added his wife: "We like to see a little Americana left. If we don't preserve some of the things that make up our history, we'll end up with a country full of parking lots."

Alas, that seems to be the fate of all the Gayeties. Boston's Old Howard burned down nine years ago. "The Block" in Baltimore, once a glittering mecca of burlesque, is slated to be

razed next year. Dirty movies and crass, ubiquitous nudity have virtually finished burlesque. A few bawdy old burlesque houses are left, but where they once were a cornucopia of good, smutty fun, now they are mainly a refuge for the pitiful and lonely. Where Lily St. Cyr and Pepper Powell once performed with lavish eroticism, Abba E. Bond and her Gaza Strip and Terry and her Privates now perform grim, grotesque imitations.

Worse, says Looney Lewis: "Some of the top strippers these days are guys with silicone treatment around the hips and chest." Mourns Cece of the flaming tassels: "It will never be the same again. I'll never be a Tempest Storm or a Lily St. Cyr. Burlesque is dead."

Wahnderful Tchaikovsky

Ah, to sit in bed late at night, eat crackers and cheese, drink beer and watch on TV those old movies about composers! Cornel Wilde as Chopin murmuring sweet note-things to Merle Oberon as George Sand in *A Song to Remember*. How (munch) romantic! Dirk Bogarde as Liszt tirelessly flailing away at the old 88 in *Song Without End*. Good (crunch) show!

A man who really understands such musical attractions is Composer Dimitri Tiomkin. He was born near St. Petersburg and still, at 70, sounds like the quintessential Russian from Central Casting. "Ah! I am so wahnderful to see you," goes his standard greeting. Tiomkin is a true child of Hollywood. In 39 years there, he has written 125 film scores and won four Oscars. Versatile above all, Tiomkin has composed musical scores ranging from the lonely harmonica of *High Noon* to what sounded like a 4,000-piece ensemble in *Giant*.

A Little Help. Tiomkin has now finished his most ambitious project yet—a \$2,000,000 biography of Tchaikovsky filmed mostly in Moscow and Leningrad with top Russian music, dance and cinema talent, all paid for by the Soviet government. Tiomkin is the movie's

JULIANNE WARREN



SATAN'S ANGEL



GEORGE READDING



GYPSY ROSE LEE

CULVER PICTURES



ANN CORIO



LILY ST. CYR

executive producer. Fittingly, too, for no one appreciates—or has borrowed from—Tchaikovsky more. “I am adapting so many years Tchaikovsky in my pictures,” he explains modestly. “I think it is time to do something for him.”

Accordingly, Tiomkin is paying his fellow Russian the ultimate compliment: for the musical interludes between performances of Tchaikovsky concertos, symphonies and stage works, Tiomkin composed the score himself (with help from the master’s melodies, naturally).

Tchaikovsky, as the film will be called, does not have the field to itself. United Artists is coming up fast with a second entry in the Tchaikovsky sweepstakes. *The Lonely Heart*, the work of English Director Ken Russell (*Billion Dollar Brain, Women in Love*), offers Richard Chamberlain in the title role and asks the Cinefreudian question: Was Tchaikovsky really a homosexual?

The answer is yes, and that positively sets Tiomkin’s E string to twittering. “I think United Artists thought maybe we were doing little bit dull musical, maybe Romberg-style fictionalized soaper, and decided ‘Ah! Here is story about homosexual. We can make money on something where is publicity already done.’”

Even thus threatened, Tiomkin stands firm in the camp of cinéma nonvérité. “We’re not doing an étude of complex homosexualist for small audience,” he says. “We’re aiming at a mass audience. We want to give a little bit picture of the man, to give overall feeling that’s very melodious.”

Disastrous Marriage. The Russell-United Artists version of the truth, largely supported by scholars, is that Tchaikovsky’s homosexuality caused him ceaseless anguish and prevented the consummation of any close relationships with women. One scene in Russell’s *The Lonely Heart* shows Tchaikovsky and the rich dilettante Vladimir Shilovsky in bed together. The film suggests that Shilovsky’s possessiveness and vanity drove the composer into his disastrous marriage with the neurotic (and eventually mad) Antonina Milyukova.

So intensely did Tchaikovsky throw himself into composition that when he died at the age of 53 he had produced a total of 325 hours of music. For *The Lonely Heart*, Composer-Conductor André Previn drew heavily upon that reserve—and it is pure Tchaikovsky. Dimitri used what he calls “Tchaikovsky’s basic architecture”—with embellishments by Tiomkin. Still, the score is essentially Tchaikovsky—so much so that Dimitri, with unwanted modesty, lists himself in the credits as “adapter,” not “composer.”

Tchaikovsky once wrote to his patroness Nadezhda von Meck: “A creative artist leads a double life, one part of it being human, the other artistic. They do not always coincide.” They still don’t. The real question is which Tchaikovsky will turn up on the *Late Show* (munch, crunch) ten years from now.



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THE THEATER

LEE OWEN



JACQUELINE BROOKES IN "THE PERSIANS"
Spent valor.

Greek Threnody

Men do not seek tragedy, but it lies in wait for them when they least expect it. They pursue fame, fortune and glory. They strive to found dynasties, subdue the earth, fathom the depths of the sea and the limits of space. In an instant of high-arching pride as men vault to these ambitious goals, fate tells them, and they return to the dust from which they came. The ancient Greek tragedies are cautionary tales of how men incur the wrath of the gods by trying to be gods.

These plays are timeless precisely because man is changeless. After more than 2,000 years, the dramas of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides are the most scrupulously exact and eloquently moving accounts that Western man possesses of the nature of his destiny. Aeschylus' *The Persians*, which has been revived at Manhattan's St. George's Church, is one of the earliest of these tragedies (472 B.C.). Set before the tomb of Darius the Great shortly after the Battle of Salamis, in which the Persians were crushingly defeated by the Athenians, the play is a spoken song of lamentations, a threnody for the cruelly spent valor of Persia's princes and the fall of a mighty empire.

Aeschylus had fought at Salamis, as he had at Marathon where his brother was killed, and he knew war. While the play is intrinsically undramatic, it is a remarkable achievement, humanly speaking, in that a victor aches with the torment of the defeated, recounts the terrible battle deaths of the slain, shows their widows and mothers keening in desolate, inconsolable grief. It is a kind of reverse *Henry V*, as if Shakespeare had set his play in France after the Battle of Agincourt, put his words in the mouths of the

tiny remnant of once-proud French survivors, and evoked the pain in a French mother's heart.

The church setting makes *The Persians* seem like a hushed memorial service for the dead of all wars. Despite an occasionally stilted phrase, the John Lewin free translation is fluent, vivid and clear. The cast performs with tender gravity, and Jacqueline Brookes, in particular, brings affecting dignity to the role of King Xerxes' mother, as does J.A. Preston as the bearer of unbearable news. Underscoring the dialogue like a chorus of tears is the sanguine music of Composer Nasser Rastegar-Nejad. If someone had commissioned a great poet-playwright to write a drama for a Moratorium Day, this would be it.

Pass the Bubbly, Sandy

When Julie Andrews starred in *The Boy Friend* in 1954, the musical seemed to be more than half in love with the era of wonderful nonsense it was ribbing, the Twenties. The current revival seems cool, condescending, and overly brittle.

As Polly, the girl for whom romance blossoms in an elegant French Riviera school for British girls, Judy Carne, of TV *Laugh-In* fame, makes a static stage debut. She arches an eyebrow here, kicks a leg there and sings a song on key, but mostly she seems to be placidly waiting for the show to carry her. Not so Sandy Duncan, who plays Polly's friend Maisie. She is a winning girl with a saucy comic style and enough sizzling energy to set the floorboards smoking. All of the dance numbers are a delight, though they have been meticulously stylized, rather as if a Kabuki troupe had been taught to do the Charleston. The evening's fun is poured sparingly, except when Sandy Duncan sluices it out in a champagne flood.

BARRY KRAMER



SANDY DUNCAN IN "THE BOY FRIEND"
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THE LAW

A Puritanical Government

When it comes to sex, the U.S. Government can be as prim as a Victorian maiden aunt. About one-fifth of all federal civil service employees who have been dismissed for misconduct in recent years have been fired because the Government found they had engaged in conduct that was "notorious, scandalous and subject to public censure." Now that policy is under heavy attack on a variety of constitutional and statutory grounds.

Five years ago, the FBI fired a bachelor clerk named Thomas Carter for admittedly sharing his bed with a girl he

most simultaneously, a U.S. district court in San Francisco ruled that the post office was arbitrary and capricious when it fired 23-year-old Clerk Neil Mindel for living with a girl who was not his wife. By failing to prove any connection between his sexual behavior and his postal duties, the court said, his superiors had deprived him of due process of law. The court emphasized that the Government's discretionary powers over its employees are "not unlimited," and added: "The specter of the Government dashing about investigating this non-notorious and not uncommon relationship that was totally divorced from plaintiff's governmental duties is the most disturbing aspect of this case."

Open Admission. A commonly invoked ground for dismissal is the congressional authorization to dismiss for "such cause as will promote the efficiency of the service." Until a few years ago, the Government usually regarded even the possibility of unfavorable publicity as a threat to efficiency. Thus an unmarried woman was fired by the post office for becoming pregnant—a condition that the department's review board later found to be an insufficient cause. The Civil Service Commission retains other notions of convention. While it ignores male homosexuals more often than lesbians, whom the commission regards as less repugnant to the public.

The Mattachine Society, one of several groups defending the interests of homosexuals, has encouraged them to bring legal action against the Government and publicize their own cases. One who has done just that is Benning Wentworth, an electronics technician employed by a New Jersey defense contractor; for nearly four years he has been fighting a Defense Department attempt to revoke his security clearance. He challenges the traditional assumption that all homosexuals are vulnerable to blackmail and therefore unsuited to jobs that give them access to secret information. How can he be blackmailed, Wentworth argues, when he openly admits that he is a homosexual? It is a question the Defense Department may not find easy to answer.

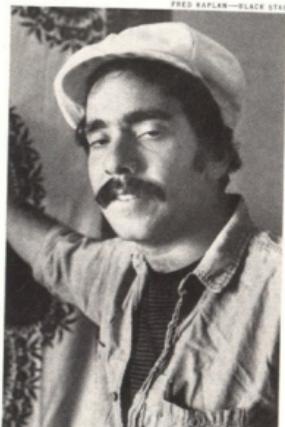
Privacy and the Psychiatrist

When he received a subpoena last year that summoned him to give a deposition in San Francisco, Psychiatrist Joseph Lifschutz did not hesitate to comply. But when he was asked to testify about his treatment of Joseph Housek, a former patient, Lifschutz demurred. The law, he declared, should not force him to betray even the existence of a patient-therapist relationship, much less what it involved. As a result, Lifschutz was ultimately found in contempt of court and sentenced to jail until he agreed to answer.

Housek is a high school teacher who had brought a \$175,000 damage suit

against a student who allegedly assaulted him. He claimed that the crack on the jaw caused him "severe mental and emotional distress." In California, as in many states, whenever a person makes such a claim he automatically waives his right to privacy in any relevant relations with a doctor. Each year, many psychiatrists respond to subpoenas or requests from their patients and reveal all kinds of secrets.

Lifschutz protested, relying on a battery of arguments, including a claim that the Constitution gives psychotherapists an absolute right not to disclose, regardless of their patients' wishes. Moreover, Lifschutz argued, the patient cannot make an informed waiver of his rights—he may not know what his doctors will say about him. Worse still,



FRED KAPLAN—PHILADELPHIA STAR

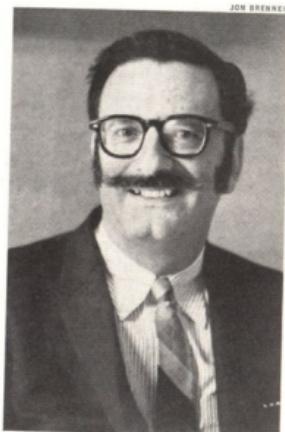
POSTAL CLERK MINDEL

Non-notorious and not uncommon.

had known and dated for years. (He denied having had intercourse with her.) The bureau's interest was triggered by an anonymous letter reporting that the 25-year-old Carter was "sleeping with young girls and carrying on." The U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia later ruled that Carter was entitled to a trial to determine whether his conduct was cause for discharge. Chiding the Government for invoking "the standard of the lady from Dubuque," the court held that the bureau would have to prove that Carter had violated "ordinarily expected standards of personal conduct."

Instead, the FBI recently settled out of court. It rescinded Carter's firing, paid him \$3,000 for the time he was unemployed and allowed the disgruntled clerk to resign in good standing. Al-

* An echo of the late Harold Ross, editor of *The New Yorker*, who once said that he designed his magazine for New York City readers and not for the tastes of "the old lady in Dubuque."



JON BRENNER

THERAPIST LIFSCHEUTZ

Not completely privileged.

said Lifschutz, a psychiatrist's testimony might well torment his patient and destroy the treatment process.

Delimited Distress. None of this impressed the judge. As a result, the determinedly silent psychiatrist was taken to the San Mateo County Jail, where he spent three days in a cell before the California Supreme Court let him out, pending its review of his case.

Last week the high court upheld the decision to hold the psychiatrist in contempt. In essence, the decision reaffirmed the state's waiver law. When a plaintiff makes his own mental condition an issue in a lawsuit, the court ruled, the need for accurate trial evidence overrides a psychiatrist's right to protect the confidentiality of what he knows. Even so, the court recognized a patient's right to avoid public embarrassment. It emphasized that judges should limit the scope of the inquiry in the light of "the nature of the injuries which the patient-litigant himself has brought before the court." In such cases, it suggested, patients should

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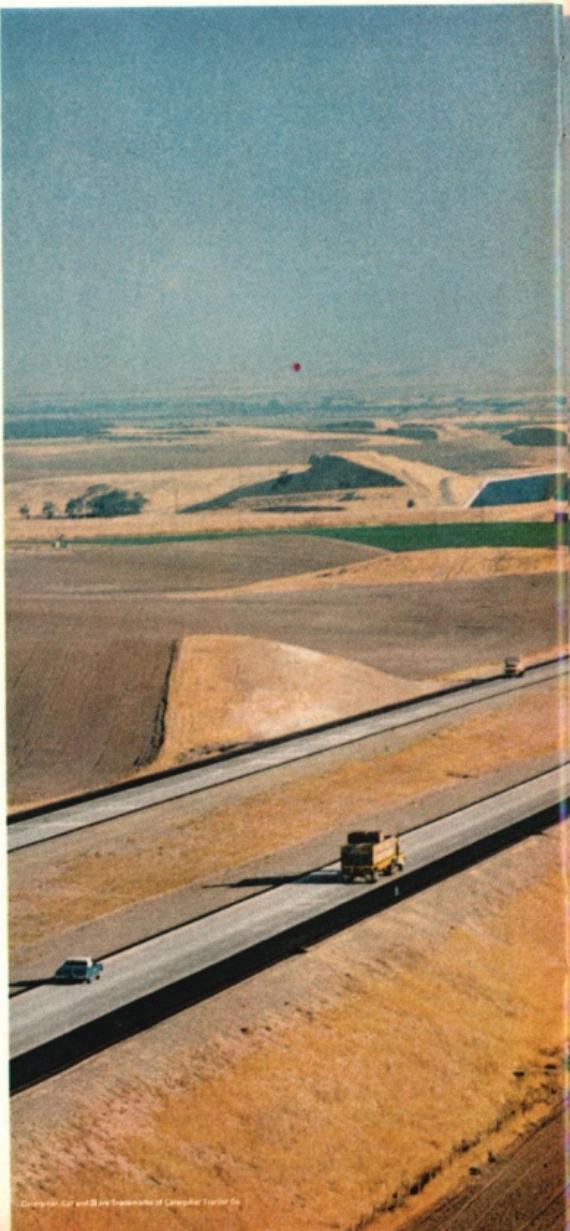
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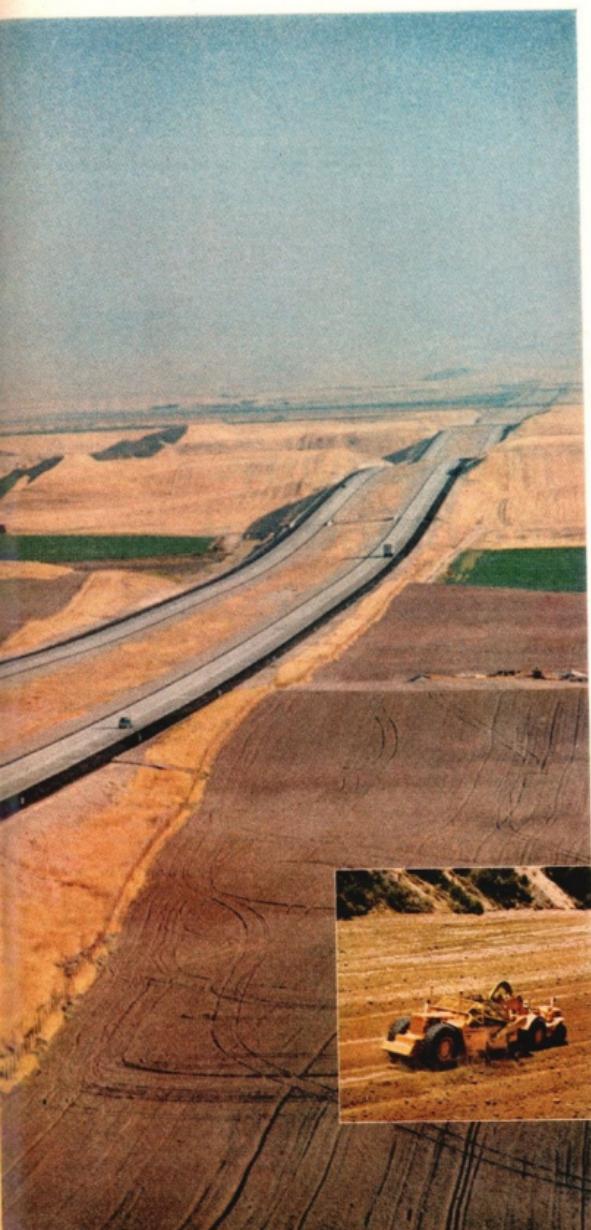
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attempt to "delimit" the nature of their mental distress in advance, so that courts can bar questions that delve unnecessarily into "specific intimate factual circumstances." On that basis, Lifschutz decided to talk.

Dissent Through the Courts

Scorn for the administration of U.S. justice may be an article of faith for some of today's protesters. Yet a remarkable number of others choose to defend their dissent in the courts rather than the streets. Moreover, the courts usually respond to reason. Among recent cases:

► Patrolman Eugene Brukiewa, head of the Baltimore police union, spoke up on a local TV show and lashed his superiors for new department policies that had caused police morale to "hit its lowest ebb." Brukiewa was put on probation for conduct unbecoming to an officer. He sued the city police commissioner, charging that his right of free speech had been violated. Ordering a reversal of the disciplinary action, the Maryland Court of Appeals held that the First Amendment protects outspoken policemen despite their paramilitary status.

► Although they were U.S. citizens, over 21 and literate in Spanish, two Los Angeles County residents discovered that they were ineligible to vote because they could not pass an English literacy test required by state law. Genoveva Castro and Jesus Parra challenged the requirement on the ground that it violated their 14th Amendment right to equal protection of the laws. In a pioneering decision, the California Supreme Court ruled that the right to vote cannot be denied solely on the basis of the English literacy test. "It would be ironic," said the court, "that petitioners, who are heirs of a great and gracious culture, identified with the birth of California and contributing in no small measure to its growth, should be disenfranchised in their ancestral land, despite their capacity to cast an informed vote."

► White House pickets had a new reason for protesting after the Government recently introduced a 33-item questionnaire including the requirement that demonstration leaders list their arrest and conviction records as well as their views on the use of violence before permits would be issued. U.S. District Judge George Hart, a conservative and strict constructionist, surprised many civil libertarians when he struck down 15 of the 33 questions, ruling that the exhaustive questionnaire had a chilling effect on First Amendment freedoms. The Houston Peace Coalition won a similar court victory over city officials who discouraged political parades in the downtown area while granting permits to a University of Houston golfers' march and a St. Patrick's Day parade. Ruled U.S. District Judge John V. Singleton Jr.: "The city cannot put the golf team and St. Patrick's on Main Street and war protesters on some side street."

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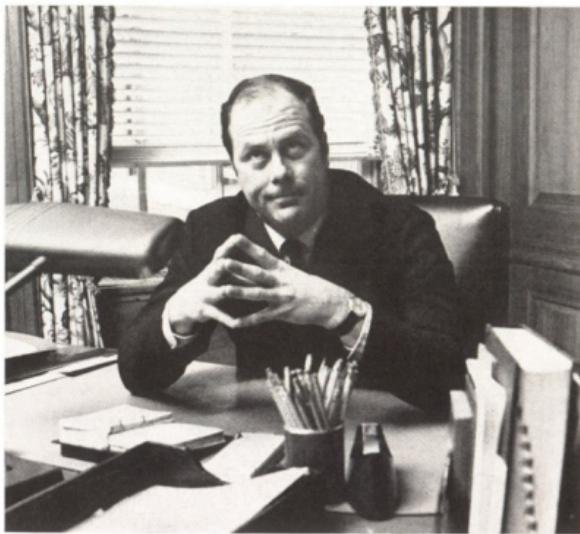


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MEDICINE

The New New Hip

With its ball-and-socket arrangement, the hip appears to be a structurally simple joint. But to the patient, and to his orthopedic surgeon, a disease-damaged hip often presents appalling problems. Surgeons have for years been inserting workable mechanical substitutes, but too often the substitute has failed, either because of faulty wearing surfaces, or because of infection that later requires the removal of the whole artificial joint.

A vastly improved artificial hip has now been devised. Using a replacement hip of his own design and a unique sterilization technique, Surgeon John Charnley, 59, of England's Wrightington Hospital at Wigan, has performed 4,000 hip operations and cut the infection rate among his patients from 4% to .5%. Two major U.S. medical centers, New York's Hospital for Special Surgery and Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital, are now performing the operations.

Behind His Back. When a hip joint is damaged, the ball of bone at the head of the femur may rub against the roughened surface of the socket in the hip proper (see diagram), causing severe and immobilizing pain. Replacing the head of the femur with a stainless steel ball (just under an inch in diameter for the average patient) is relatively easy. The difficulty is to secure the ball to the femur. In early operations, the shaft holding the ball was screwed into the femur. Charnley was dissatisfied with the method because the shaft sometimes came loose. A dentist friend proposed that he "cement" it in with methyl methacrylate, a plastic used for years in den-

tistry. "My friend couldn't have suggested anything better," says Charnley. "It was a tremendous advance. The prosthesis [artificial part] now remains permanently, rigidly fixed to the bone."

That was only half of the mechanical problem. The ball must rotate in a socket, which in most such hip operations had been made of steel. Charnley disliked the steel-to-steel joint because it must be lubricated solely by body fluids, which are often inadequate. A plastic socket would require no lubrication. But what plastic? He tried Teflon, only to have it break loose and damage nearby bone. "One day," he says, "a salesman turned up with a sample of high-density polyethylene. I sent him away, telling him that we knew that polyethylene was useless. I hadn't heard of high-density polyethylene, but luckily my lab technician had, and behind my back he told the salesman to leave a sample. We tested its wearing properties, and the results were fantastic."

Since late 1962, Charnley has used the polyethylene socket, which is also cemented in place with methyl methacrylate. In an intensive follow-up of his first 500 cases, Charnley has found the cement holding perfectly. The polyethylene, originally 10 mm. thick, wears away at the rate of about 1 mm. in five years. "No discomfort should be noticed until at least 50% has worn away," he says, "and if that happens, we can always replace the socket."

Need to Shout. There remained the danger of infection, especially severe in hip surgery because so much tissue must be exposed. With Charnley's new plastic techniques, the infection rate was 4%. That was too high by his standards. Then he devised an elaborate suction system for his operating room. Each member of the surgical team was fitted with a flexible tube, long enough to permit free movement, that ran up his back and was connected to a narrow steel tube that encircled the face and had holes through which his exhaled breath was drawn away. "It makes communication harder and people have to shout a bit," Charnley concedes. "But we don't sweat nearly so much and work is much less exhausting." It must be, because Charnley now schedules six operations a day, four days a week. Each one takes 11 hours.

In Los Angeles last month, surgeons at Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital who had studied Charnley's methods demonstrated their technique in a space-age adaptation of an operating room. The entire area around the operating table was covered with a plastic "greenhouse," into which ultra-filtered air flowed from above, fast enough to change the air completely ten times a minute. Within it, three surgeons, Doctors John Toma, Charles Bechtol and Charles Hutter, were dressed in space suits with helmets, like those worn by astronauts on

DON DORRAN



LOS ANGELES SURGEONS IN SPACE SUITS
For plastic sockets, no lubrication.

the moon. The scrub nurse, who handles sterile instruments, was similarly attired. Their patient was Margaret Fales, 59, a credit manager, who had been so crippled that walking was unbearably painful. By last week Miss Fales was free of the pain that had driven her to surgery; her hips were a bit stiff in the morning and she tired by afternoon—but she could walk.

At a recent surgical staff meeting in Los Angeles, other former patients of Charnley and his disciples demonstrated their agility. A woman of 65, who had replacements for both hips, walked with neither pain nor limp. A former R.A.F. pilot, 46, handicapped for more than 20 years by a World War II injury, did a little "go-go" dance.

Transplant Survival

An obscure Negro schoolteacher from Indianapolis has made surgical history. Louis B. Russell Jr. has surpassed the record for heart-transplant survival set by Cape Town Dentist Philip Blaiberg, who lived for 594 days after his operation. Although Blaiberg was depicted as being hale and hearty as a Rotarian greeter, a recent book by his widow reveals that he was miserably uncomfortable, if not downright ill during most of his life with his new heart. Russell, who at week's end had survived 603 days, appears to be in far better shape than Blaiberg was.

One reason may be Russell's age: Blaiberg was 58 when he received his new heart; Russell will be only 45 this week. Also, Blaiberg's heart disease was of long standing and had damaged other major organ systems before the transplant, but Russell's heart attacks, in 1962 and 1965, had caused no such widespread difficulties. Finally, in 1968, Indianapolis Cardiologist Robert

Ball & Socket

(Front view)

VERTEBRAE

PELVIS

2 Plastic socket of artificial joint cemented in place.

3 Femur reamed out, trochanter reattached with wire, then shaft cemented in place inside femur.

Steel ball in plastic socket

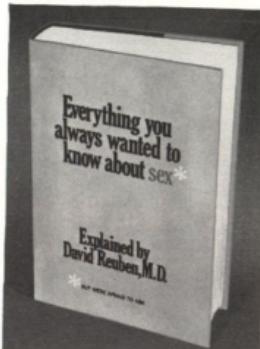
1 Trochanter, then head of femur cut away. Pelvic socket reamed out.

FEMUR

Steel shaft (Cemented into femur)

TIME Diagram by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

What you don't know about sex could fill a book.



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Chevalier diagnosed heart disease of such severity that only a new heart could give Russell a chance for survival. He referred Russell to Surgeon Richard Lower at the Medical College of Virginia in Richmond. Lower had worked at Stanford University with Dr. Norman Shumway devising, in animals, the transplant technique that Surgeon Christiaan Barnard later adopted.

In Richmond, Russell waited until Lower could give him a suitable heart; it turned out to be that of a 17-year-old boy who had died of a gunshot wound in the head. That was Aug. 24, 1968. Since then, Russell has had four crises caused by his body's rejection of the implanted heart. Each time, Dr. Chevalier increased Russell's daily dosage of immunosuppressive drugs, but reduced it



RUSSELL & FAMILY

In a new heart, ample room.

again within a few weeks, so that Russell's defenses against infection were not seriously impaired for long.

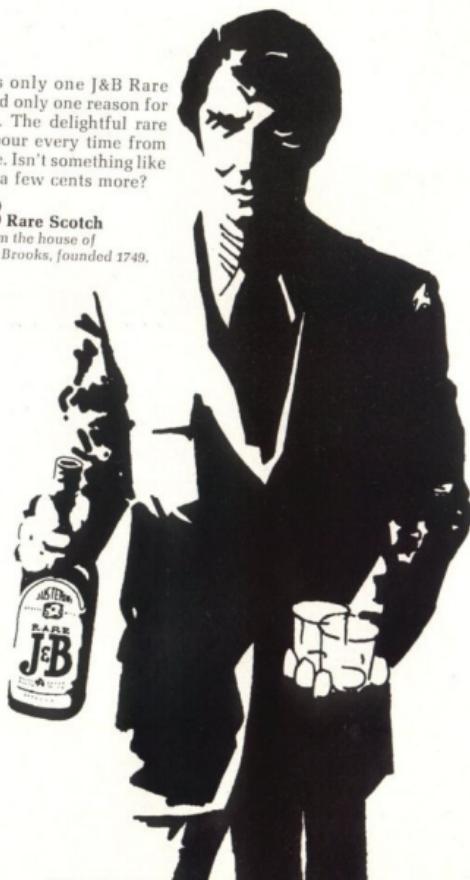
Beyond mere survival, Russell has set another noteworthy record for heart-transplant recipients. None of the others has worked so strenuously at his old job—and taken on other tasks besides. Russell, a skilled carpenter who teaches industrial arts at a boys' junior high, repaired the roof of his two-story house ten months after his operation. He keeps busy on remodeling jobs or making furniture—except when he is touring the countryside to give speeches about his heart transplant. Last month Russell, who has two children living at home, found room in his new heart for still another burden. He and his wife became foster parents of a 13-year-old boy who had been in trouble with the authorities.

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ART

Growing Pains

The occasion was marked by the panache that Thomas Hoving has displayed ever since he became director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art three years ago. Mrs. Richard Nixon flew from Washington to help inaugurate a show of 19th century American art. Next day, Manhattan's finest and richest turned up at another gala to celebrate, for the fifth time this season and for \$125 apiece, the 100th anniversary of the museum. There was waltzing to a Meyer Davis orchestra in the Arms and Armor Court, frugging to Watson and the Sherlocks in the Fountain Restaurant, and the guest list filled the society columns for days. Even the pick-

which includes masterpieces by Botticelli, Da Vinci and Rembrandt and has an estimated value of over \$100 million. The late Bobby Lehman, former board chairman of the Met, willed his collection to the museum on condition that it would be kept together and displayed in a setting similar to the one it enjoyed in his elegant Manhattan town house. The third gift is the enormous collection of primitive art assembled by New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller.

Problems and Possibilities. Architects Kevin Roche and John Dinkeloo spent over two years discussing problems and possibilities with museum officials. Their plan calls for two new wings to be built over existing parking lots at the

U.S. architect of his time. Roche has got rid of the wooden outhouse-like box added to cut down drafts at the main entrance, and is providing a spacious, three-tiered staircase flanked on both sides by formal plazas and a tiered row of fountains set in reflecting pools. More controversial is his plan to replace Hunt's grand staircase inside with two escalators and a passageway in order to increase the flow of traffic to the rear galleries. "There will be a lot of screaming and yelling and nostalgia and recriminations," says Director Hoving, "but we need to get people back to those galleries. Go down to the porcelain galleries on the museum's lower level on any crowded day, and I'll guarantee you'll find no more than five people there."

But are escalators the answer? The Met's porcelain galleries are not only be-

COURTESY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART



THE MET'S GRAND STAIRCASE . . . AND PLANNED ALTERATIONS
Are escalators the answer?



ets were elegant. In black tie and evening gowns, conservationists marched up and down in front of the new fountains on the floodlit Fifth Avenue side to protest the "invasion" of green park space projected in the Met's new building plans.

The Inevitable. As announced last week, the plans are elaborate, extensive and controversial. Yet something clearly has to be done. The Met has long since outgrown its present building, and has to keep three-fourths of its permanent collection locked away in storage. In addition, three recent gifts have made expansion inevitable.

Biggest single gift is the 82-ft.-long Temple of Dendur complex, which Egypt offered to the U.S. for its help in saving ancient temples (including Dendur) from the rising waters behind the new High Dam at Aswan. Though several museums wanted it, the Met won by promising to build a special climate-controlled building to protect it from the rigors of U.S. weather. The costliest gift is the private collection of Investment Banker Robert Lehman,

north and south ends of the building to house the Temple of Dendur and Rockefeller's primitives. A smaller, tent-shaped pavilion at the back of the present Medieval Hall is planned for the Lehman collection. Two glass-enclosed all-weather gardens will give access to the galleries from Central Park.

The design will provide new exhibition space for the overcrowded American wing and the European collections. On the park side, the present hodgepodge facade of Romanesque, Venetian Gothic, bare brick and nondescript modern will be concealed behind windowless walls or veiled by vast expanses of glass. A final judgment will have to wait until the time, still at least ten years off, when the project is completed. Some critics already feel that the new park facade is blank and featureless; it seems more appropriate to a factory than to one of the world's greatest art museums.

Opinions are mixed also on Roche's overhaul of the monumental classical Fifth Avenue facade, designed in 1896 by Richard Morris Hunt, the leading

hind Hunt's doomed staircase but down another much less visible set of stairs. Maybe some signs are needed. Or maybe there are fewer people in porcelain because more people like painting.

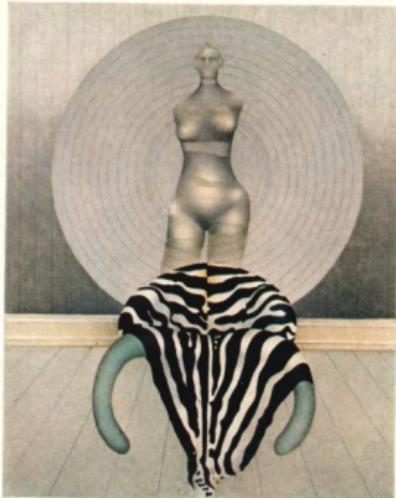
Beauty in the Bizarre

Paul Wunderlich by any other name would be extraordinary, but the fact that in German *wunderlich* means strange, wondrous, bizarre is a stroke of poetic justice. More elegant than Beardsley, more graphic than Grünewald, more phantasmic than many of the Surrealists, his work is at once sensuous and intellectual, erotic and macabre, pungently realistic and wickedly funny.

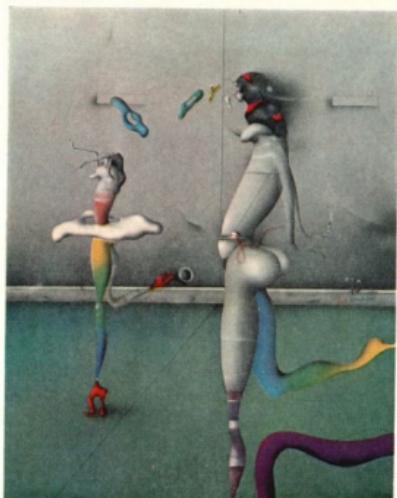
He has long been recognized as one of the greatest graphic artists Germany ever produced; yet his reputation in New York and Paris has been largely underground, as if knowing collectors and cognoscenti loathed sharing his limited output. In any case, Wunderlich's fame has now risen above ground and is spreading fast. Aquarius Press in New York has just published a suite of his lithographs based on Solomon's *Song of*



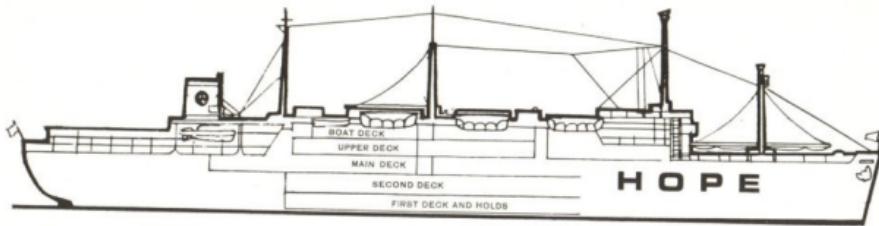
Paul Wunderlich's "The Red Flower"



"Interior"

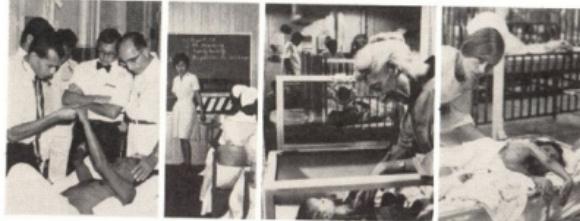


"The Chase"

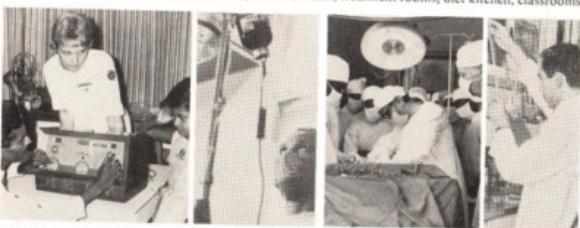


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Songs. Next week his first U.S. exhibition of paintings opens at Manhattan's Staempfli Gallery. In June he will be accorded a retrospective in the Print Biennale at Paris' Musée d'Art Moderne.

Calculating Man. At 43, Wunderlich acts more like a successful stockbroker than a bizarre artist. He wheels around Hamburg in an expensive British car, wears imported shirts and shoes, often paints wearing a necktie. He likes money and does not hesitate to say so. He declares with a playful glint in his eye: "I am accused of being a calculating man, and I am. I know that there are very few graphic artists in the world who are as good as I am."

Born in Berlin, the son of a Luftwaffe colonel, he was drafted at 17 and sent to Denmark. Back in Hamburg after the war, he entered the Academy of Fine Arts. There his gift in graphics was quickly recognized, and he was invited to stay on and teach. In 1960, he became something of a *cause célèbre* when Hamburg police found his "qui s'explique" lithographs of lovemaking couples too explicit and closed the show. Undaunted, Wunderlich set off for Paris to work with the master lithographer Jacques Desjobert.

In 1966, Wunderlich began collaborating with Karin Székessy, a professional photographer of fashions and nudes. Surveying a mass of Karin's nude blowups, he found that there were usually one or two that fascinated him, and he began using them as a point of departure. The dramatic metamorphosis may often be traced from photograph to print to painting in such works as *The Red Flower* and *Interior*. A blonde model in an easy chair is likely to wind up as a tangle-haired Medusa, just as thoroughly transformed as the two lovelies waltzing through colored smoke rings in *The Chase*, which is pure fantasy.

Death in Life. For all the velvety opulence of his colors, it is the human figure that stands at the center of Wunderlich's art. In his earlier works, it was tortured and twisted, shorn of limbs, reduced to a skeleton, provoking comparisons with Dürer and Cranach, Redon and Bellmer. Death, he seemed to say, is in all life, deformity in all beauty, and behind the erotic daydream is the ever-present nightmare of flesh doomed to decay. Today, his figures appear more whole, more sensuous, more magnetic. Love has banished dreadful death.

"I paint the body because it has great possibilities for interpretation," Wunderlich says. That much he shares with the German expressionists. But his dry wit and typically surrealist delight in visual and verbal puns provide ample comic relief. He titled a portrait of a woman with five breasts *Very Décolleté*. As for interpretations of his paintings, he leaves that to others. "I refuse to try to explain everything, because if you know too much about yourself, you become impotent. Better not to know what it is that makes you tick."

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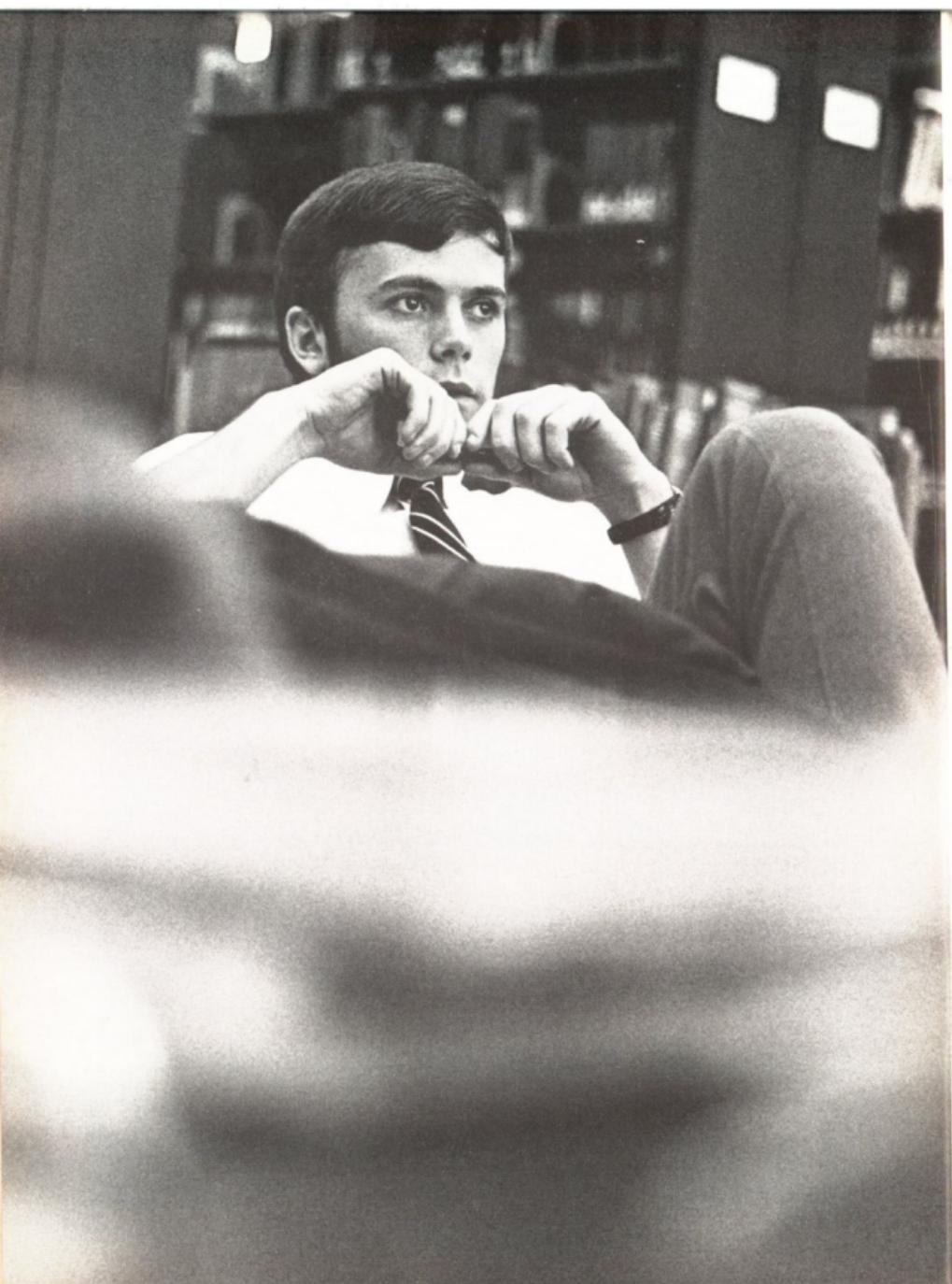
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Rockwell Report

by Clark Daugherty, President

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MILESTONES

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With housing starts in the doldrums, some people raise their eyebrows when we talk optimistically about the construction market as a major contributor to our growth.

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Died. Merriman Smith, 57, senior White House correspondent, whose laconic "Thank you, Mr. President" heralded the end of presidential news conferences for almost 30 years; by his own hand (.357 Magnum revolver); in Alexandria, Va. Smith arrived in Washington in 1941 to cover the White House for the United Press, and there he stayed to take the measure of six Presidents. His daily reporting was characterized by speed and accuracy, and his books (*A President is Many Men*, 1948, *A President's Odyssey*, 1961, *The Good New Days*, 1962) were filled with anecdote and insight. Smith's highest honor, a 1964 Pulitzer Prize, was won for his swift, lucid reporting in the pandemic-filled minutes following the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

Died. Richard Neutra, 78, architect of international renown for nearly half a century: of a heart attack; in Wuppertal, Germany. Born and trained in Vienna, Neutra emigrated in 1923 to the U.S., where he studied under Frank Lloyd Wright before moving to California. Like Wright, he rejected the stern horizontals and verticals of the then popular International style, instead opted for odd angles, diagonal roofs, warm-colored woods and stones. Most of his work was done on the West Coast, which he graced with literally hundreds of schools, hospitals and private homes. As he once put it: "I try to make a house like a flowerpot, in which you can root something and out of which family life will bloom."

Died. George H. Soule, 82, liberal economist, prolific author and longtime editor (1924-1947) of the *New Republic*; of pneumonia; in Warren, Conn. A socialist in the Norman Thomas style, Soule followed Founder Herbert Croly's guideline "to start little insurrections in the realm of the readers' convictions." The effort involved attacking U.S.-style capitalism and urging nationalization of industry by democratic means. Soule carried on the campaign in his books on economics—*Coming American Revolution* (1934), *Prosperity Decade* (1947)—arguing for "any new revolution that may be justified by the interest and reason of the common man."

Died. Patriarch Alexei, 92, head of the Russian Orthodox Church since 1945; in Moscow. Patriarch Alexei guided the Russian church during the post-war years as it came to terms with the atheistic Soviet state.

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of Apollo 11, as experienced by the
astronauts themselves...**

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MICHAEL COLLINS
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EPILOGUE BY ARTHUR C. CLARKE

BUSINESS

The Economy: A Guide to the Slump

ECONOMIC news out of Washington took an encouraging twist last week as the Government reported upturns in three key indicators. From February to March, housing starts rose 6%, personal income climbed, and industrial production increased (by 0.2%) for the first time in eight months. On the other hand, the annual rate of price increases in the year's first quarter speeded up to 5%, slightly more than in the previous quarter, meaning that inflation was as bad as ever. At the same time, a preliminary estimate showed that the first quarter's real gross national product, after discounting price increases, slid

as well as troubled areas, corporate profits are taking a beating. This reduces the tax take of state and local governments, which are also hurt by hold-downs in federal aid and the extreme difficulty of selling their bonds in a depressed financial market.

The regional pattern, ranging from the worst hurt to the least affected:

The Pacific Northwest: For gloom, this region is in a class by itself. March unemployment in the Seattle area jumped to 7.4%, up more than two points in a month and well over double the 3.2% rate of a year earlier. Reason: severe layoffs by Boeing (TIME,

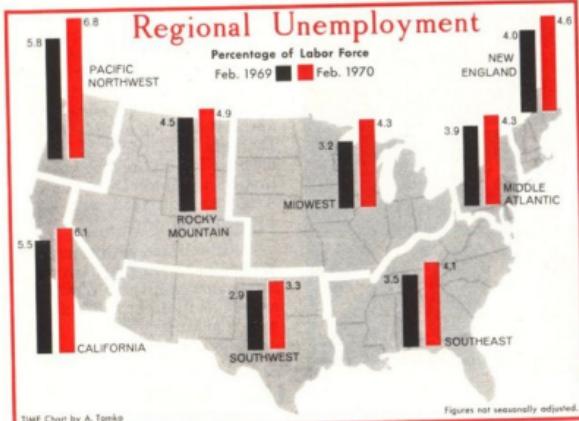
rate cut: the money that business once could not borrow at 8½ is now unavailable at 8%. Portland brokers have started a betting pool on which firm will go bankrupt first—and when.

California: The most populous state is, as usual, a world of its own—or rather two worlds. In Southern California, aerospace cutbacks have been slashing payrolls for more than two years. The situation is better in the state's central and northern areas, which are less dependent than Southern California upon the whims of the Pentagon and NASA. In the San Francisco area, where the unemployment rate exactly matches the national average, few people are losing jobs, but even fewer are finding new ones. One employment agency is vainly trying to place 32 computer programmers who probably could have written their own ticket a short time ago.

New England: Since last June, says University of Connecticut Labor Economist David Pinsky, the six New England states have lost 53,000 factory jobs. They stand to lose another 150,000 in the next twelve months—50,000 in Connecticut alone. The jobless rate in that state, a leading producer of military supplies since the Civil War, has already risen to 4.5%. In Massachusetts, partly because of lower profits and smaller tax payments by some companies, Boston is running out of the cash necessary to finish three almost-completed projects—the Government Center and two public housing complexes—and four half-done projects.

The Midwest: The slump in auto sales (see following story) has pushed Michigan's unemployment rate to 6.3%. Layoffs outside the auto industry are also starting to hurt. Three TV-set makers—RCA, Zenith and Motorola—recently idled 15,000 workers in Illinois and Indiana. Overall employment is still going up in the Midwest, but not nearly fast enough to match the increase in the number of people—largely women and returning servicemen—searching for employment. Factory overtime, part-time work and moonlighting jobs are fast disappearing.

The Southeast: Auto and defense plant layoffs are swelling the Southeast's unemployment, though it is still below the national average: the jobless rate in Georgia, for example, rose to 3.8% in February, up from 2.5% a year earlier. Home building in some parts of Kentucky has stopped entirely; in March, the city of Louisville (pop. 392,000) issued a grand total of one building permit. Company personnel men notice less job-switching, indicating that employees feel that this is not the time to take chances by moving to new positions. For this summer, employers in Nashville



by 11% to an annual rate of \$727 billion. Since that was the second straight quarter of decline, economic purists could declare that the U.S. is—or was—officially suffering from recession. Yet the dropoffs have been so small, compared with the severe slumps of the 1950s, that most economists refuse to classify the current period as more than a mini-recession.

Besides, the declines are spotty. Today's economy is a mosaic of sharply clashing regional patterns. Some areas of the U.S. are enjoying an all-out boom; others are in an alarming slump.

The whole nation shares certain economic headaches. Despite last month's rise, housing construction almost everywhere in the U.S. is still down substantially from a year ago. Jobs are difficult to locate even in areas where unemployment rates are below the national average of 4.4%. Students in particular will have to fight one another for summer work. In prosperous

March 9), the electric utility Seattle City Light reports that its annual rate of cancellations and shutdowns has been double the usual 5%, indicating that many people are fleeing the area to scout for work elsewhere. For the jobless who remain, the Washington state legislature has voted to raise unemployment compensation from a maximum of \$40 a week to \$70.

Oregon's economy, heavily dependent on lumber, has been shaken to the roots by the fall in home building. Unemployment has scaled an eight-year high of 5.3%. Department-store sales are off 9% from last year, and a significant decline in tax collections has forced the state government to freeze all construction projects.

A species of economic black humor has developed. Bankers who invite businessmen to lunch tell them that the free meal is all the help that their bank can give in 1970. One banker cheerfully explains the meaning of the recent prime-

The Economy Under Nixon

THOUGH Administration officials figured that last week's statistics showed that the worst of the slowdown may be over, nobody was trumpeting that inflation has been beaten. The President's policy of controlling inflation by deflating business has been only half successful. It has stunted economic growth for many months but not yet significantly slowed price increases. A listing of some economic barometers since Nixon's first full month in office:

	FEB. '69	LATEST	PCT. CHANGE
Industrial Production	170.1	170.2	+0.001%
Unemployment	3.3%	4.4%	+33.3%
Prime Interest Rate	7%	8%	+14%
Dow-Jones Industrial Average	905	776	-14%
Consumer Price Index	124.6	132.5	+6.3%

expect to offer only about 1,000 jobs to 10,000 student applicants.

The Middle Atlantic: The armies of office and service workers are in no danger of idleness, but manufacturing payrolls are starting to shrink. A general nervousness is in the air. In Delaware, a prosperous white-collar state, a decline in Du Pont profits that began last year is expected to force reductions in state spending—most likely for educational television and enforcement of anti-discrimination laws. The Pennsylvania government had to extend an extra \$15 million in aid to Philadelphia to avert a shutdown of the city's schools at the end of May.

The Southwest and Rocky Mountains: Many parts of these Western regions are still growing strongly, because fresh money continues to pour into their relatively new industries. Unemployment in Houston is a modest 2% of the labor force; the few employees let go by the Manned Spacecraft Center have been quickly hired by other industries. Though sections of the Rocky Mountain region face unemployment problems, a surge of commercial construction is remaking Denver's skyline and creating new jobs. Projects abuilding range from a \$5.2 million United Air Lines reservations system center to a \$300 million commercial, industrial and residential complex called Front-Range Denver.

Alaska: The North Slope oil strike has produced the sort of rip-roaring boom that is just a memory in most of the "South 48" states. While unemployment still runs high among the Eskimos and the Aleuts, the oil workers' only problem is getting time off. North Slope truck drivers earn \$76 a day, Monday through Friday, and \$100 a day on Saturday and Sunday—but they work six weeks straight before knocking off two weeks to rest.

These extreme variations in regional business point up a major problem for Washington's economic planners. Even if they properly gauge the nation's overall economic needs—a rather gigantic if

—the U.S. is so diverse that their policies are bound to have an unequal impact across the country. That underscores the urgency of averting a real recession. Nationally, the suffering caused by a sharp recession would be bad enough; in the hardest-hit regions, it would be intolerable.

AUTOS

General Motors' Bumpy Road

Success, however, may bring self-satisfaction. The spirit of venture is lost in the inertia of the mind against change.

—Alfred P. Sloan Jr.

My Years with General Motors

In front of General Motors' fortress-like headquarters building in Detroit last week, antiwar picketers waved banners reading G.M. GETS RICH, G.I.s DIE. Why did they pick on G.M.? Last year it received only 3% of its \$24.45 billion revenues from defense contracts, largely for M16 rifles. But, as the prime symbol of corporate success in modern America, G.M. is a conspicuous target. This year it is under rising pressure not only from citizens objecting to the Viet Nam War and pollution of the environment, but also from the Government and competing automakers.

In a tough year for them all, G.M. has lost more sales than its competitors. The corporation's share of the U.S. auto market in each of the past three years has been 52% or more; so far this year it has been barely 50%. G.M.'s car sales in 1970 have fallen 17.4%, Ford's 5.7%, Chrysler's 7%. Meanwhile, American Motors' sales have climbed 5.7%. Last month Chrysler and American Motors showed gains in sales compared with March of 1969; but G.M. dropped 16.6%. Last week the corporation announced a halt in production of full-size Oldsmobiles at two of the five plants making them, "for the remainder of the model year."

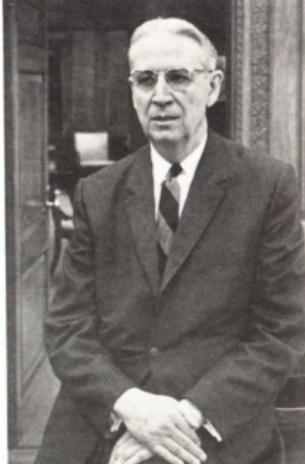
At home and abroad, G.M. is being more strongly challenged by Ford than

at any other time since 1954. Ford leads in the growing overseas market, and is increasing its foreign sales 2½ times as fast as G.M. In the U.S. market during the first half of the model year, G.M.'s Chevrolet lost its lead in both cars and trucks to Ford for the first time in 35 years; in early April, Chevy regained the lead. Pontiac has also lost its traditional No. 3 spot—to Chrysler's Plymouth. G.M.'s first-quarter earnings were down to \$1.25 per share v. \$1.62 in last year's first quarter. Its profit ratio has fallen fairly steadily, from 17% of assets in 1965 to 11.5% last year.

A growing question in Detroit is whether G.M. may have made one of its rare misjudgments of the market. The corporation historically has concentrated on big cars, encouraging customers to trade up. Chairman James Roche agrees with Henry Ford II that the market is moving downward to smaller and lower-priced cars, but he disagrees on how far the trend is likely to go. G.M. concentrated much of its sales effort this year on the so-called intermediate cars, Chevelle, Tempest and Skylark; sales of intermediates have not increased. The expanding market is for compacts, an area where Ford's Maverick has a clear lead. In March, Plymouth's Valiant was second in compact sales, and Chevy's Nova was third.

Lynx v. G-Mini. G.M. may recoup in this market when it introduces a new small car this summer. The car, so far called the XP-887, was late in getting an official name. G.M. President Edward Cole wanted to call it the "Lynx," while Chevrolet's general manager, John Z. DeLorean, held out for "G-Mini."

MARTIN J. DABIN



CHAIRMAN ROCHE IN HIS DETROIT OFFICE
In a tough year, losing more.



Where to place Chivas Regal when you're having guests.

Every once in a while, you're bound to run across someone who thinks you're showing off if you place Chivas in the front.

And that same person will probably think you're trying to hide it if you place it in the back.

But if the Chivas is placed in the middle,

in either the 4 or 6 spot, no one can think you're trying to show it off or hide it.

However, there's always the chance that someone might think you're trying to be a bit too sophisticated by treating 12-year-old Chivas Regal as if it were just another bottle.

Well, that's life.

As of last week the final choice had not yet been made known.

Along with other automakers, G.M. is also running into tougher problems with its labor force, including a distinct possibility of a U.A.W. strike against the company this fall. Chairman Roche complained in a February speech that absenteeism has doubled in the past decade to 5%, and work stoppages cost 13.3 million man-hours last year.

Changing an Image. More than its competitors, G.M. is beset by another difficulty—burnishing its image. Critics tend to find it a distant, impersonal corporation, where the glass doors leading to the executive suites are locked. "I think the biggest problem facing us as a corporation is communications," Chairman Roche told TIME Detroit Bureau Chief Peter Vandervicken in an interview last week. The debate over lead-free gasoline to reduce pollution (TIME, Feb. 23) is a case in point. Within the industry, G.M.'s Ed Cole is commonly credited with being first to urge the oil companies last winter to remove lead from gas. Then Henry Ford II made the same point publicly, in an open letter to the presidents of the oil companies. Ford won headlines for doing something about pollution, and G.M. appeared to lag behind.

Last week G.M. tried to explain its efforts on the pollution front, only to be faulted. It ran an ad in more than 100 U.S. newspapers claiming that "G.M.'s 1970 model cars, as equipped for California use, achieve reductions of more than 80% on hydrocarbons and reductions of more than 65% on carbon monoxide emissions compared with 1960 cars without such controls." When questioned about that by newsmen, John T. Middleton, commissioner of the National Air Pollution Control Administration, said: "General Motors' record for compliance with the Government's emission standards for carbon monoxide is poorer than that for other U.S. auto manufacturers." Middleton would like to post federal inspectors in U.S. auto plants to ensure that cars are as pollution-free as they should be.

All these troubles have been exacerbated by G.M.'s rather stiff response to Ralph Nader. In the latest joust, a group of lawyers backed by Nader in the "Project for Corporate Responsibility" bought a dozen G.M. shares and suggested that a series of consumer-oriented resolutions be put to a vote at the annual meeting. G.M. brusquely refused. To G.M.'s chagrin, the Securities and Exchange Commission then ordered it to put two of the resolutions to a vote. One would add three public representatives to G.M.'s board; the other would create a committee, partially made up of outsiders, to oversee the company's efforts in safety and pollution control. Noting that the Nader lawyers had already won "an enormous psychological and publicity victory," the Detroit Free-Press editorialized: "The idea that a corporation needs some free-standing souls

around to prod it in the public interest is not as apocalyptic as it sounds."

The resolutions will almost certainly be defeated at the May 22 annual meeting. Nonetheless, the vote affords another platform and rallying point for G.M.'s critics. Three weeks ago, the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, after a student ballot, decided to vote its shares in favor of the resolutions. Students at Harvard, M.I.T. and the University of Michigan are pressing for a similar decision. Last week, New York City employees voted overwhelmingly to support the resolution with the 30,000 shares in their pension fund. Whatever happens, G.M.'s need is obviously more urgent than ever to try harder to become a corporation that is regarded not only as big but also as beneficent.

TASS—SOVfoto



FORD TOURING SOVIET FIAT PLANT
A reception to please a Czar.

EAST-WEST TRADE Ford in Russia's Future?

Amid an air of mystery, Henry Ford II arrived in Moscow last week with an impressive entourage—several Ford Motor executives, his wife Christina and daughter Charlotte Ford Niarchos. They were greeted and feted in a way that would have pleased a Czar. The Soviets put the party up in mansions and rolled out an 80-passenger jet to fly the Fords privately to Leningrad. Most of the time, however, while the smashingly dressed women turned Soviet heads on sightseeing tours, Ford closed himself with high Soviet officials for talks held ostensibly "to discuss East-West trade." In fact, the Communists, their economy in trouble, want Ford's help in building trucks and perhaps cars.

Memories of Model A. Henry Ford would like to break into the small but growing Communist automotive market. His company's subsidiaries in Europe already sell cars and trucks to Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Poland, Rumania and Bulgaria. For their part, the Rus-

sians need more Western help in developing their car-and-truck industry. Fiat is putting up a huge auto plant in the Soviet city of Togliatti—which Ford toured last week—but production is two years behind schedule.

The Russians still remember the life-saving performance of the 362,000 American trucks that they received during World War II under Lend-Lease. Oldtimers also recall that in 1930, under the original Henry Ford, the company helped the Soviets build a plant that for a while turned out the Model A. The Soviets now are getting ready to build a \$2.2 billion automotive plant in the Tatar Republic between Moscow and the Urals; they say that it may become the world's largest truck factory (the biggest so far was opened by Ford Motor last August in Louisville). The

Russians previously had approached Sweden's Volvo and West Germany's Daimler-Benz for assistance. It is believed that they asked Ford last week to help build at least part of the Tatar plant—possibly an assembly line or two.

Politically Touchy. Ford Motor executives checked in advance with State and Commerce Department officials to see if they had any objections to the boss's mission to Moscow. The reply was that he might as well see what the Russians would propose. Some U.S. industrialists have heard that President Nixon's foreign policy advisers are split on whether to approve any deal unless Moscow also makes some political concessions. The Soviet troops that invaded Czechoslovakia in 1968 were so short of trucks that they had to press some milk trucks from Kiev into service. Despite that shortage, the Russians have been sending some trucks to North Viet Nam. If Henry Ford comes back home with a proposed deal, Washington's reaction will be an important litmus of just how willing the U.S. is to liberalize trade with the East.

BRITAIN

No Longer the Sick Man

Pale spring sunshine glowed on the House of Commons' oak paneling last week as Chancellor of the Exchequer Roy Jenkins rose to start the annual spring rite of Budget Day. It was a twitchy moment for the British, who look to the budget for both a review of past economic performance and word of the government's future policies. In too many years since World War II, the budget has brought higher taxes, tighter credit and myriad other measures designed to solve Britain's chronic balance of payments problem. This time Jenkins offered much hope—and some relief. He could well afford what he termed "cautious optimism."

When Jenkins outlined the government's forthcoming economic policies in the budget speech, TIME Correspondent Patricia Delaney reports, his tone was expansive, yet not completely open-handed. He retained most of the restrictions on consumer spending—curbs that are designed to stimulate exports and buttress the balance of payments—but he cut from 40% to 30% the deposit that importers must make when they place orders. He reduced the basic bank-lending rate by half a point, to 7%, and demolished the 21-year-old ceiling on the amount of bank loans. In addition, the government will trim taxes, particularly for the poor and the elderly. About 2,000,000 of Britain's 21.5 million taxpayers will be removed from the tax rolls and another 15 million will enjoy reductions. This news was so startling that Tory Opposition Leader Edward Heath offered barbed congratulations: "We have witnessed not quite a unique event but a very rare event—a Socialist chancellor who has actually announced a reduction in taxes."

Surplus for Solvency. Jenkins could afford the gesture. His budget showed further evidence of a dramatic turnaround in Britain's fortunes. The payments balance had swung from a horrendous deficit in 1968 to a handsome surplus in 1969. The basic surplus in 1969 was \$929 million, the highest ever recorded. Furthermore, in the year's last nine months there was a favorable balance on "visible trade"—the import and export of goods. Britain has earned visible surpluses in only two years since 1822, trading traditionally on "invisibles"—earnings on overseas investments, services and tourism—to cover its trade gap. Clearly, the country has taken a major step toward solvency: in the past 15 months, Britain's short-and-medium-term foreign debts have been halved, from about \$8 billion to less than \$4 billion. With justifiable pride, Jenkins called Britain's payments situation "one of the strongest in the world."

Still, it is premature to talk—as do some ebullient politicians—for a British economic miracle akin to the German *Wirtschaftswunder*. Britain has merely won breathing space. Since World War

II, the twin costs of vestigial great-power commitments abroad and a welfare state at home have consistently overburdened the economy, restricted successive governments' freedom of maneuver and earned Britain the epithet, "Sick Man of Europe." Now Britain is buoyantly convalescent, but it could still shudder into a relapse. Ironically, it fell to the Labor government of Prime Minister Harold Wilson to apply the necessary conservative measures: lower public expenditures at home and an end to many commitments overseas.

The country has paid dearly. To achieve the payments surplus, the British have sacrificed economic growth, which has been running at an annual rate of only 2%. They have also held down industrial investment and allowed

mediate 18% wage raise; Kodak granted 15% and merchant seamen have been offered 20%. Such increases, if not accompanied by commensurate gains in productivity, will soon dull the competitive edge that Britain achieved over other exporting nations when it devalued the pound in 1967.

Contrary to popular belief, however, Britain loses fewer man-hours per worker from strikes than the U.S. and most Western European nations. Still, wildcat walkouts by a handful of key men often cripple whole industries and account in large part for British companies' notoriously late deliveries of orders. The wildcats are free to run because labor contracts are not legally binding; government attempts to impose order on that anarchy have been frustrated by union resistance.

Going to Market? For all those weaknesses, few economists disagreed with Roy Jenkins' summation last week: "We now have an opportunity such as has not occurred for a good many years past to set the economy on a path of sustained and accelerating growth." Britain's move toward growth could have important international consequences. U.S. companies can expect rising profits from their large investments in British business. The strengthening of sterling takes some pressure off the dollar in world money markets. On the Continent, France can no longer cite the economic frailty of Britain as an excuse for blackballing it from the Common Market. If the strong economic performance continues and Prime Minister Wilson is really serious about joining, he could enter the negotiations from a position of power.

MONEY

Bell Wrings the Market

One factor that has kept stock prices down this year is the voracious appetite of U.S. business for new capital at a time when it remains scarce. Instead of moving into existing stocks, investment money has been flowing into new issues of corporate securities. The most vivid demonstration of the trend came last week when American Telephone & Telegraph Co., the world's largest private enterprise, floated a \$3.2 billion financing—a size usually associated only with U.S. Treasury offerings. After the issue went on sale, the Dow-Jones industrial average dropped nearly 10 points in two days as investors switched out of other securities to buy the bluest chip of all.

Instead of turning as usual to institutional lenders for such a large quantity of funds, A.T. & T. sought to tap a different source of capital: millions of small investors who save their money for special opportunities. The company offered a highly complex mixture of debentures, rights and warrants to buy stock. Countless investors did not understand the package, but enthusiastic professional traders immediately bid the



JENKINS & WIFE AT 10 DOWNING ST.

Rare but not unique.

unemployment to rise to 2.7%, which is high by British standards. Those measures reduced domestic demand, thus forcing manufacturers to export more. The basic consumer demand remains; as taxes and interest rates move lower, it could spurt again.

Clamorous Claims. A test of political courage and economic wisdom lies ahead. Last week's budget enhanced Harold Wilson's chances of winning the next election, which the government must hold within the next twelve months. Now he and Jenkins have to get the economy moving again (but not too fast) and resist clamorous demands for still lower sales taxes, higher pensions and other benefits.

Britain's new economy is also threatened by an explosive rise in wages. Ford recently granted its workers an im-



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warrants to a premium on the New York Stock Exchange.

Bell put an 8 1/2% interest rate on its debentures, which had the immediate effect of pressing up other rates in the bond market by as much as one-quarter of 1%. As a result, corporate and municipal borrowers are likely to pay more for money in the bond market in the weeks ahead. Not even Bell's banker, Morgan Stanley, was sure that the 8 1/2% rate on such a large issue would attract enough investors. As a result, the company sweetened the package.

Basically, the offering consisted of \$1.6 billion in 30-year debentures accompanied by warrants to buy \$1.6 billion worth of A.T. & T. stock between November 1970 and May 1975. Each warrant entitles the holder to buy a share of A.T. & T. stock for \$52, about \$3 above last week's closing price; thus any increase in the price of the stock above \$52 during the next five years will give the original warrant holder a profit. The company began mailing the subscription offer to its 3,140,000 shareholders only last week, and Wall Street will not know for some time just how successful the entire package was. Normally, A.T. & T. shareholders take up about half of any new issue offered to them. Until the first \$1.6 billion is paid to Bell in early June, the mammoth issue will hang over both the bond and stock markets and will probably serve as a negative force on prices.

Shift at the Fed? The stock market is being hit by a record number of additional offerings. Managers of many companies that normally raise capital for expansion by selling bonds have decided instead to sell stock in order to avoid paying the high interest rates for bonds. U.S. corporations added an estimated \$1.5 billion worth of new stock to stock already outstanding during the first quarter; for all of 1970 the increase will probably be \$6.4 billion —nearly double that of last year. The rising supply of shares on the market may tend to weaken stock prices.

On top of that, money may be tightening again. The Federal Reserve Board, which only a month ago was primarily concerned about recession, has returned to its old worry: inflation. Members of the board are apprehensive that the federal budget may fall into deficit because of the new law, signed last week by President Nixon, that raises the pay of Government workers by 6%. They also worry that consumer spending may jump because of the recent increase in Social Security benefits and the scheduled end of the 5% surtax on June 30. Thus the board, which has been expanding the money supply in recent weeks, may now rein in a bit. Though there is no talk of returning the economy to the constricting days of absolutely no monetary growth, even a slight shift to slower expansion of the money supply will do little to help corporations' hunger for more capital or shareholders' hopes for higher stock prices.



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America's Railroads

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CINEMA



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In deference to one master, in homage to another.

Truffaut in Transition

François Truffaut has often spoken of his affection for rapid and startling changes of mood. *Shoot the Piano Player* careened crazily from farce to thriller, and interludes of pastoral bliss alternated smoothly with scenes of excruciating emotional warfare in *Jules and Jim*. In these films, Truffaut mingled the various moods; in *The Mississippi Mermaid*, he segregates them severely. The first half of the film is a thrilling tale of obsession that slides—almost imperceptibly—into an ironic and slightly fanciful romance. The result is certainly Truffaut's smoothest, most professional piece of film making. It is just as certainly not his best.

This is the third film—*Jules and Jim* and *The Bride Wore Black* are the others—in which Truffaut has dealt in detail with the character of a mysterious woman who enchants, dominates and finally controls men. Like *Bride*, Truffaut's *The Mississippi Mermaid* is based on a thriller by the American Cornell Woolrich, and like its predecessor, it deals with a predatory female and a weak male, whom she eventually destroys. Julie (to emphasize the similarity, the name is repeated from *The Bride Wore Black*) is an elegant mail-order bride with a Saint Laurent wardrobe who has come to the French island of Réunion to meet her future husband, a wealthy tobacco farmer named Louis. From the photographs they exchanged by letter, she is almost unrecognizable. He had expected a sweet but faintly dowdy blonde; she meets him as a startlingly glamorous blonde. They confess to each other that they lied in their letters so that they would not be married for the wrong motives. He said that he was a factory foreman with a modest income; she sent her sister's photograph.

Satisfied with the explanation, Louis

marries her and they live for a time in blissful luxury. Eventually, through a series of small incongruities of history and personality, Louis discovers that he has been tricked. It is too late. She has left him, taking few of her clothes but almost all of his bank account. In nervous shock, he goes to France to recover. He sees her one night by chance on a television news film. He pursues her; she confesses. He takes her back, and—after he has shot a persistent private detective—they both become fugitives from the law.

Pathology of Obsession. Truffaut dedicates the film to his idol, Jean Renoir, and *The Mississippi Mermaid* begins with scenes from Renoir's 1938 masterpiece *La Marseillaise*. There are many more affinities here, though, with the work of another Truffaut deity, Alfred Hitchcock. As Julie, Catherine Deneuve has all the frosty, mysterious elegance of such typical Hitchcock heroines as Ingrid Bergman and Grace Kelly. Jean-Paul Belmondo, as Louis, has the distinctively empathetic star quality that Hitchcock has always favored in his leading men.

To be sure, there are signs of Renoir's influence, especially in the careful photography of the lush island vegetation and in the continuing use of long camera angles. But thematically *The Mississippi Mermaid* owes everything to Hitchcock; it might even, in fact, be called Truffaut's *Vertigo*. Both films are about the pathology of obsession, about role reversal, about the power that women have over men. Only in their denouements do the films differ in a substantial way. The hero of *Vertigo* drives the woman to her death, but in *The Mississippi Mermaid* the hero is willing to accept his own murder as the final humiliation from the woman he loves. In the guise of a romantic fadeout, the last scene of *The Mississippi Mermaid* represents the

ultimate irony, the final sharp thrust of Truffaut's cynicism.

This misanthropy is what ultimately is so troublesome about this otherwise exciting and often beautiful film. Truffaut, at 38, stands at a crucial point in his career. His infatuation with the Hitchcock style has carried him now through two direct hommages to the master, and it is time to stop. The easy cynicism toward human relationships so often evident in Hitchcock does not really suit Truffaut. He is much more the humanist, the man who both feared and loved the predatory Catherine in *Jules and Jim*. The titular dedication of the film to Renoir and the implicit—and now excessive—tribute to Hitchcock perfectly portrays Truffaut's own artistic schizophrenia. Caught between two masters, Truffaut must make his choice. Recent news of his newest film, a dramatization of the true story of a retarded country boy in 18th century France, seems to indicate that the director has chosen Renoir. It also means that he has chosen wisely and well.

Stubbed Footnote

The scandal of *The Lady of Monza* is scarcely worth a footnote in the history of the 17th century church—or in the annals of cinema. An aristocratic nun of Monza, Italy (Anne Heywood), is raped by the villainous landowner Gian Paolo (Antonio Sabato). Behold, she likes it—as do many of her colleagues in the convent. Soon Gian Paolo and the priest, Don Arrigoni (Hardy Kruger), are enjoying the favors of novices, nuns and the prioress. In the denouement the nun of Monza, for her sins, is sealed alive in a dungeon. So was the incident at Monza until the Archbishop of Milan—now Pope Paul VI—helped unlock 347-year-old church records in 1957 to reveal the scandal. Perhaps the fate was too harsh for the lady—or for her chronicles—but it is the kind that this dubbed and sluggish adaptation deserves.



HEYWOOD & KRUGER IN "MONZA"
Behold! She likes it!

BOOKS

Ecstasy Without Agony

PLUCHE, OR THE LOVE OF ART by Jean Dutour. 278 pages. Doubleday, \$5.95.

God has his prophets and saints, and art has its Pluches—esthetic Jesuits, Leathernecks of creativity, defenders of aristocratic art-soul against bourgeois art-stomach, men of passion and appetite, of sublime ups and leaden downs. Pluche is a talented, unfashionable, moderately successful painter who is down—or, in Jean Dutour's words, "chained down in hell amid the circle of the frivolous damned, where everything is mere diversion, where one only hears rank stupidities, where one only says stupidities oneself, where one is bored to death without ever dying."

It is not quite as bad as that, except when Pluche, a 45-year-old Parisian bachelor, is in a period of creative sterility. For a man of Gibraltic self-confidence, however, even sterility has its uses. If Pluche must lie fallow for a few weeks, he can at least write a journal about it. Nothing goes to waste; stinginess is not only close to his Gallic heart; it is a law of nature. Besides, writing gives him the chance to expound on his dearest personal fancies:

ON ART AND MONEY: "There can't be any question of despising money. On the contrary, one's painting has to bring it in. But one mustn't paint the kind of pictures that bring it in."

ON TASTE: "Never have people had so much taste as in the past twenty years, and never has the true creative spirit been so impoverished. It is in periods without taste, periods of vigor and simplicity, that art flourishes best."

ON PAINTING IN GENERAL: "Bad painters never achieve a likeness because they reproduce exactly what they have before their eyes. Good painters achieve a likeness because they work like poets and when they contemplate the ocean, begin by seeing horses."

ON ARTISTS AS UBERMENSCHEN: "We artists carry no tragedy within us, even if we are in despair and do away with ourselves . . . our minds stand back to watch us suffering and thereby mitigate the pain as it were, push our troubles into the background, transform them into a spectacle over which we can joke or philosophize."

Descent from Olympus. Pluche does not spout off entirely in a vacuum. Like a god descending from Olympus to reassure himself of his immortality, he ventures from his studio on the Rue Boissonnade to loaf among the plebs until inspiration returns. But no sooner is he in "the circle of the frivolous damned" than the world's petty annoyances close in. Brother Georges, a witless executive living far beyond his means and on the verge of ruin, asks for and gets the balance in Pluche's bank account. Brother-in-Law

Mesnard, an immensely successful painter who sold his talent out to fashionable tastes, has taken up with a young bird and threatens the happiness of Pluche's sister Marie.

It is Mesnard's unfaithfulness to his talent that really concerns Pluche. The two have it out in a climactic scene—a Magic Molehill sort of confrontation on the crisis of art in the second half of the 20th century. Mesnard emerges as a Darwinist who excuses his bad, profitabile painting as an adaptation to an age in which Art is Dead and the future belongs to electricians. He misses the intellectual upheavals of the 18th century and the naive optimism of the 19th, but one must keep up with the times.

Pluche will not answer such devilish logic. As a 19th century romantic and true believer, he can only counter with faith: "Happiness," he tells the not noticeably unhappy Mesnard, "can never be gained by bowing to circumstances but only by following the dictates of the heart one has, which is difficult to locate and hard to fathom."

In hands less dexterous than those of Jean Dutour, a skillful French nov-

elist and writer of memoirs (*The Taxis of the Marne*, *The Man of Sensibility*), Pluche could easily have turned into a one-dimensional poseur, both dated and familiar. Instead, Pluche and his rhetorical posturing melt smoothly into Dutour's richly perceived Parisian setting and a fluent, entertaining narrative. Ecstasy without agony was never easier to take.

World's End, Hudson Division

THE HUDSON RIVER by Robert H. Boyle. 304 pages. Norton. \$6.95.

Nowadays, those little men in the funnels carrying signs reading THE END OF THE WORLD IS AT HAND need only walk as far as the nearest publisher's office to get the message printed. The latest Jeremiah to join the prophets of ecological disaster is Robert Boyle, who is concerned with the Hudson River and man's efforts to turn this noble flood into a squalid sewer.

If this were all, Boyle's book would be merely a timely polemic on an important and fashionable topic. But Boyle, a staff member for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, is more than an enraged critic. He is an accomplished journalist-naturalist with a curious blend of love, knowledge, and perspective that help turn his "natural and unnatural history" of a river into what should become a small classic.

Crime Supplement. Fish are clearly Boyle's primary fixation. He keeps an aquarium in his Croton-on-Hudson house, partly for receiving specimens he seines from the river, partly to exercise his empathy for finned creatures. The striped-bass fingerlings, he comments cheerfully, "were gamboling all over the tank like Labrador pups." Just as canaries were once carried into coal mines to warn the miners of poisonous gases, Boyle tends to use fish as a measure of man. Bass taken from the Hudson off Bayonne have a taint of petroleum; shad roe is more than just fishy; sturgeon taken below Consolidated Edison's plant at Indian Point (those that manage to survive its giant water-cooling intake pipes) should be checked for radioactivity.

Because of a certain monomania in

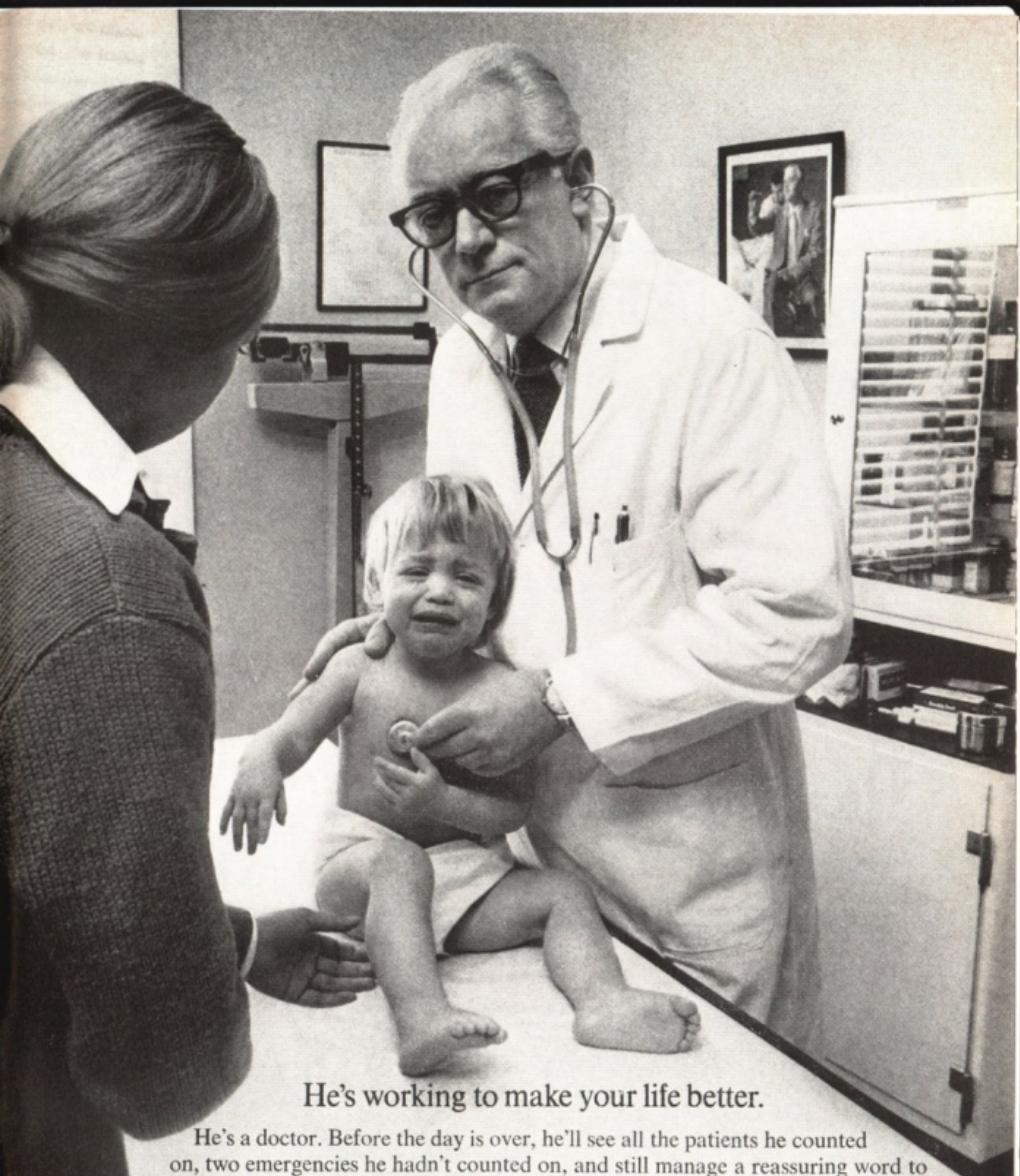


ROBERT BOYLE

HUDSON RIVER LOOKING TOWARD STORM KING

ANTHONY LINCK





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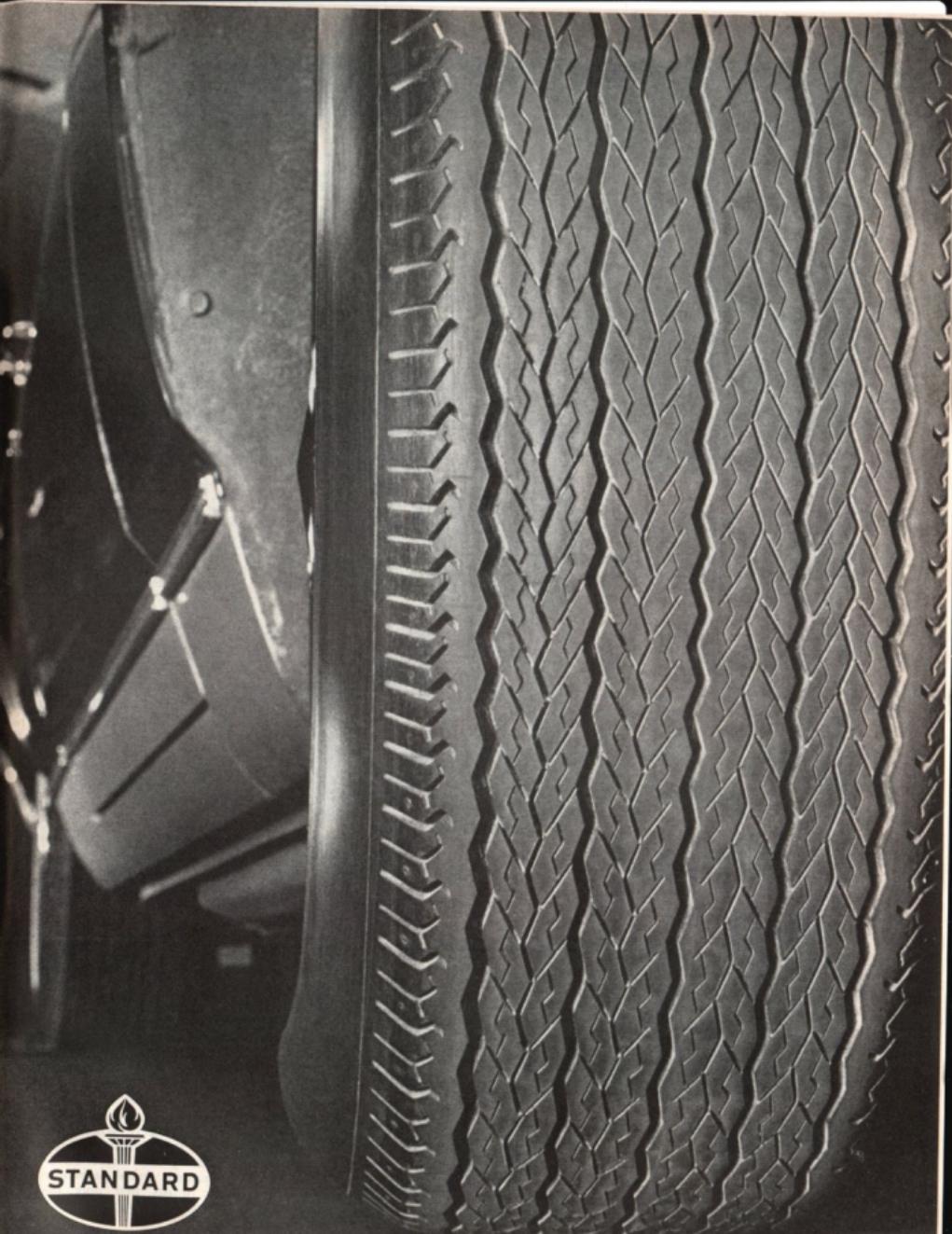
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somethin' else from the people who are



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Boyle, large portions of his book read like a crime supplement to the *Rivers of America* series, which set out to celebrate the belief that America was still the Beautiful. Boyle follows the river down from its source at Mount Marcy (where the great conservationist Theodore Roosevelt received the news of McKinley's death by assassination) and finds its enemies innumerable. Thrifty upriver towns happily send their raw sewage roiling southward toward foul and wicked Manhattan. Tankers leak oil. Corporations discharge incalculable quantities of industrial waste. They always seem able to find a tame scientist to testify before civic bodies that acids, oils, oxides and industrial *Dreck* of all sorts are only minimally harmful. When that fails, they pay minimal fines and cheerfully go on polluting.

The worst areas are the Albany Pool, the section below Troy and Rensselaer, and the approaches to New York harbor—but industrialization has already begun to zero in on the relatively clean areas between. Consolidated Edison appears as one of Boyle's main targets. Despite some effort by the company to modify its plans in the face of public pressure, Boyle regards the controversial projected Con Ed installation at Storm King as a threat with an ultimate effect on wildlife that cannot be measured but will surely be dangerous.

Boyle's book is most effective polemically when simply relating the flaccid reactions of various law-enforcement agencies to inquiries on what is officially being done about known polluters. It is probably most instructive in showing how Boyle and like-minded Hudson Valley neighbors have brought private action against companies who break the law by polluting the river. Customarily the going is slow. But any private group that can hold on long enough to win gets a share of the fine the company must forfeit, and can use it to help pay for playing David to further industrial Goliaths.

Shrugs and Overstatement. There are two dangers in confronting the present conservation crisis. One is to overstate the damage to the environment. The other is to fall into the kind of shoulder-shrugging despair best illustrated by Writer Lillian Hellman when her neighbors sought her help in protecting the island of Martha's Vineyard from a jet airstrip. "Everywhere else has been ruined," she replied. "Why should we be different?" Boyle avoids both pitfalls. Hand-wringing fishermen often exaggerate the ruination of the Hudson by pointing to a lack of salmon. By consulting records and fishery experts, Boyle has established that the Hudson never was a salmon-run river. Some sections of the river are clogged with effluent but not yet ruined, Boyle points out. The river still has more fish than most men dream of—particularly striped bass and sturgeon, once known as Albany beef and now widely (though erroneously) thought

to be all but gone from the river.

Urban New Yorkers are unlikely to turn out in great numbers to try to keep the Hudson safe for sturgeon. But the U.S. is becoming aware that nature nuts, bird watchers (as private interests call them) and conservationists may be fighting not only for the survival of the shad, the blue heron and the osprey, but for the survival of the human species. Boyle tells the story of 19th century Naturalist Verplanck Colvin who gave his life struggling to create what eventually became Adirondack State Park. The story—and this book—are a reminder that while Americans were busy getting and spending, much of the country was preserved for them by zealots and near madmen.

SMITH KESSEL—LIFE



APHRODITE
Bringing scarecrows to life.

Unavoidable Whimsy

THE EVE OF SAINT VENUS by Anthony Burgess. 138 pages. Norton. \$4.95.

The English themselves freely concede that the pleasures of love are something that foreigners are better at. Aphrodite, after all, was a Greek, and Venus a Latin.

Anthony Burgess, a writer of great wit and erudition, once dared to put the goddess of love in a soggy English garden and between damp English sheets. Only a writer as talented as Burgess could have succeeded in such an unromantic enterprise.

Publishing this little work (or opusculum, as Burgess calls it) 20 years after he wrote it and six years after it came out in England, the author also issues a fair warning. *The Eve of Saint Venus*, he

says, "depends for its effect largely on an understanding of the insular and conservative English character, especially as manifested in a silly, ingrown, mainly nonexistent rural aristocracy."

Whimsy is unavoidable. A dotty baronet has received a consignment of cut-rate statues from his alcoholic twin brother. The stone gods and goddesses include, naturally, Venus. A ring slipped on Venus' finger by a nervous bridegroom brings her to life, and love is reborn in a cold climate. The cast of characters, Burgess has explained, is drawn fondly from stock theatrical figures: "The boneheaded gold-hearted country squire in plus fours, the pert and resourceful servant, the grim but reliable châtelaine, the sweet guileless young lovers, the comic Anglican clergyman." Only a writer who can bring such scarecrows to life would be willing to proclaim, let alone admit, that his characters come out of a frosty stage wardrobe. In *The Eve of Saint Venus*, this miracle is performed.

Burgess' insular joke book is old, but the joke is a good one and the author tells it with relish, as if for the first time. An example of the author's catholic English wit: loony squire replying to a patronizing remark of the vicar's about animal pleasures: "And don't be too hard on animals. There's a lot of good in animals, especially when they're killed and cooked."

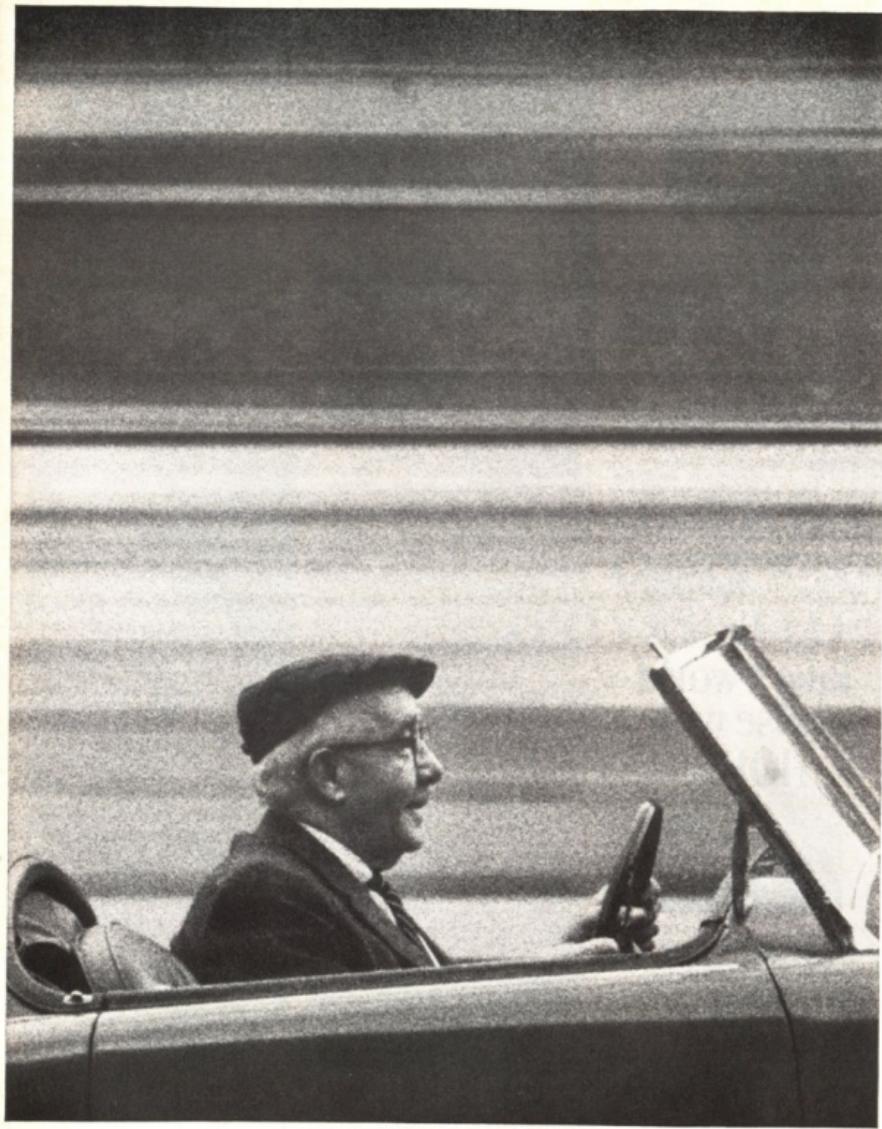
The Coven of One's Choice

KING OF THE WITCHES by June Johns. 154 pages. Coward-McCann. \$5.

Alex Sanders, 44, likes to call himself the King of the Witches. That title, Author June Johns informs us, was last officially held in the 15th century by Owain Glyndwr, the last independent Prince of Wales. Sanders claims to be a descendant of Prince Owain, although he does not bother to offer any evidence of this. He is, says Sanders, a hereditary witch—as distinguished from the converts that Miss Johns' overly sympathetic biography obviously seeks to attract.

The attractions of Sanderian witchcraft appear to be many, and Sanders' own London coven (witch group) seems to hold the liveliest "esbats" (meetings) in town. In addition to the baldishly handsome Alex, there is Sanders' wife Maxine, a young (and, judging from the book's photographs, shapely) blonde who acts as official fertility symbol. Like some post-Freudian group-therapy sessions, Alex's esbats are conducted in the nude. Only he is robed—or at least towed—to facilitate instant identification as head witch.

Esbats at the Sanders' include dancing, chanting, feasting and the fondling of various ritual objects. When the occasion calls for the elevation of a member to a third-grade witch, there is highly formalized sexual intercourse. But Sanders insists that only those who are married or engaged to each



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WIFE MAXINE & SANDERS
No shoelaces, please!

other can partake of this ceremony, in which man and woman represent the sun and moon in fruitful conjunction. New witch recruits must be content to kneel before the altar and receive 40 purifying strokes across the buttocks. Some covens use whips made with shoelaces that may leave permanent scars. But Alex's group, Miss Johns reassuringly reports, uses a silver whip with thongs of embroidery silk.

Although Alex adheres to orthodox laws of witchcraft as set down in the ancient *Book of Shadows*, with income from lectures, public appearances and broadcasts he hopes to establish an international witch center as an alternative to traditional religions. "The simple worship of love and fertility," writes Miss Johns, "can be immensely appealing in a materialistic age overshadowed by the achievements—and horrors—of science." The declaration could hardly come during a more appropriate season. The most important fertility rites in all Wicca-dom occur in spring. It is the time to worship fervently in the coven of one's choice. But no shoelaces, please!

Bugged

THE ANDERSON TAPES by Lawrence Sanders. 254 pages. Putnam. \$5.95.

Every year sees the appearance of fictional contrivances that pause briefly as larvae in book form before butterflying their way onto the screen. But Veteran Pulp Writer Lawrence Sanders has achieved some sort of distinction in the genre. In his very first try at a hard-cover book he has created a dreadful hybrid: part novel, part script. It has been a bestseller since the day it left its publisher's cocoon some weeks ago. Grateful Columbia Pictures has already snapped it up for \$100,000.

The *Anderson Tapes* is a standard

"big caper" thriller (*Topkapi*, *Rififi*) in which a hungry hood just sprung from Sing Sing decides to strip a whole luxury Manhattan apartment house over a Labor Day weekend. He assembles a team of specialists to cut the alarm wires, finger the Klees and terrify any stray remaining tenants. The gimmick is that all the conspirators' haunts are bugged by various government agencies. Though it means that everything from a candy-store pay phone to Central Park itself has to be tapped, almost the whole novel consists of tape-recorded conversations instantly fungible as movie dialogue.

The plot would be entirely diverting if it were not mercilessly weighted down with Ideas. Sanders, alas, has clearly read his Sartre. His hoods are given to observations like "Crime is the truth. Law is the hypocrisy." There is no sex in the usual sense, because the characters prefer to engage in whippings. It turns out that tape is not the ideal medium for dramatizing this kind of eroticism, but there is enough twaddle about the relationship between violent crime and perverted sex to make St. Genet set fire to his halo.

Though Lawrence Sanders apparently intended his criminals to be gritty outcasts, they are actually laughable bores. "This man who fondled himself while I pranced about him clad in chicken feathers," recalls a lady sadist clad in self-righteousness, "this man attended church every Sunday, contributed to charities . . ."

Routine criminal paranoia is more engaging. Says one wary conspirator: "How does anyone know? Maybe one of the rats is wired. Maybe the cockroaches have been trained. How about that! Trained bugs! Not bad, huh?" Not so bad that Mr. Sanders may not try it.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The French Lieutenant's Woman, Fowles (1 last week)
2. Love Story, Segal (2)
3. Travels with My Aunt, Greene (3)
4. Mr. Sammler's Planet, Bellows (4)
5. The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight, Breslin (6)
6. A Beggar in Jerusalem, Wiesel
7. Deliverance, Dickey (8)
8. The Godfather, Puzo (5)
9. The House on the Strand, du Maurier (9)
10. The Anderson Tapes, Sanders (7)

NONFICTION

1. Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex, Reuben (1)
2. Up the Organization, Townsend (3)
3. Mary Queen of Scots, Fraser (2)
4. Sensuous Woman, J'
5. Love and Will, May (7)
6. The Selling of the President 1968, McGinnis (4)
7. New English Bible
8. I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings, Angelou
9. The American Heritage Dictionary
10. Points of Rebellion, Douglas (5)



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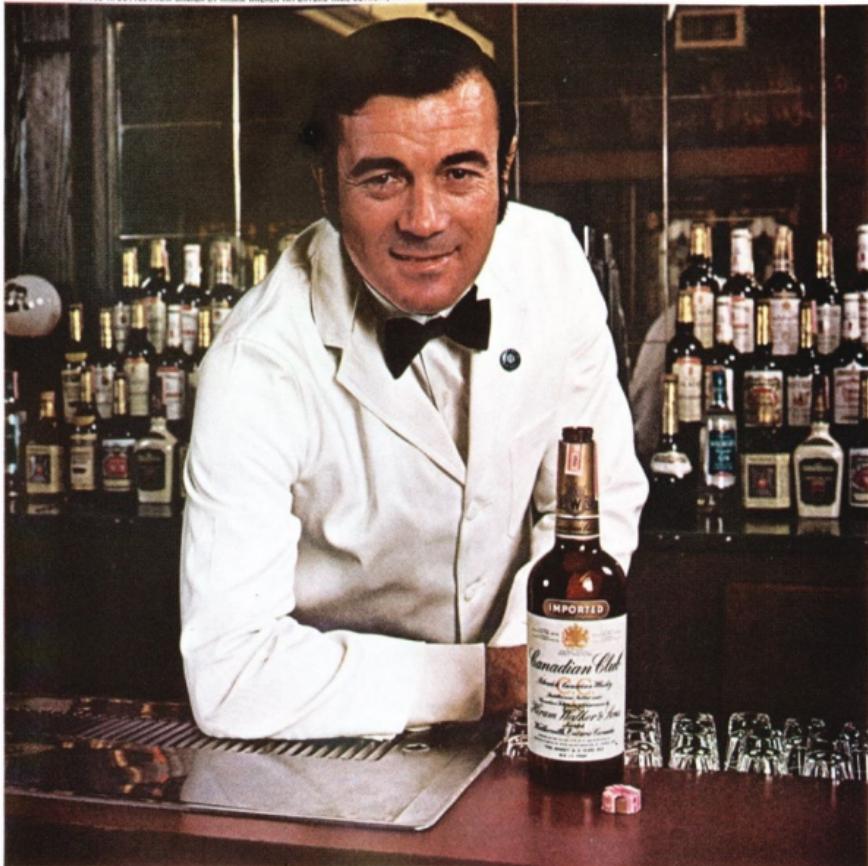
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